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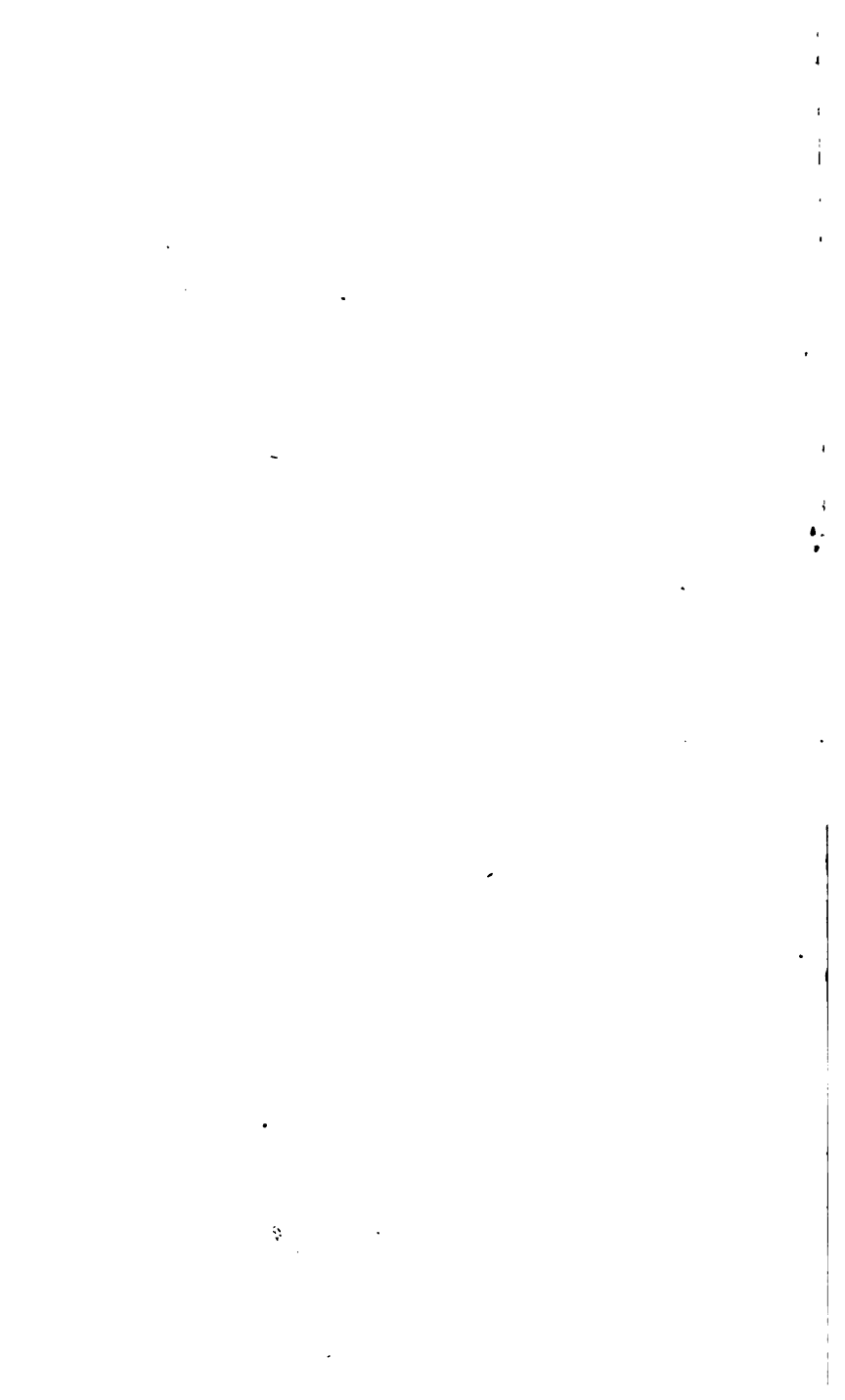
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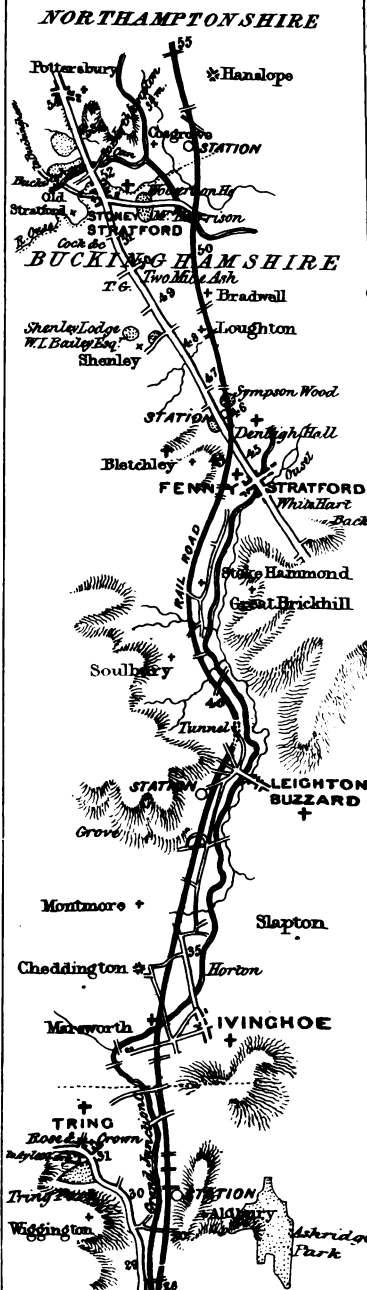
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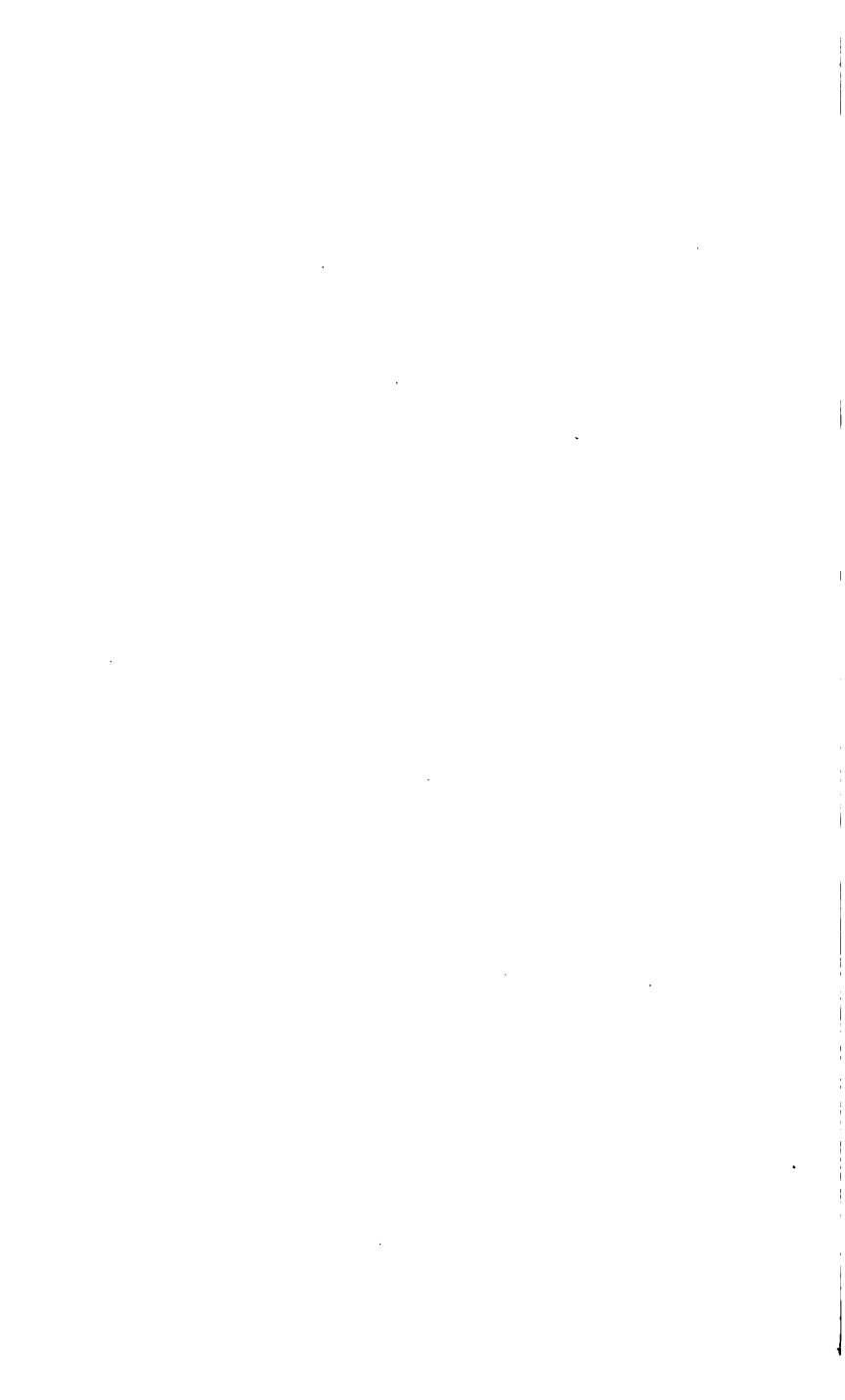
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## INTRODUCTION.

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THE experience of a recent excursion on the London and Birmingham Railway, originally suggested the idea of collecting the information contained in the following pages. It was a fine day in Autumn, and in the few hours between the arrival of the first and the departure of the last train, the writers sought to make themselves acquainted with the scenery and history of TRING. Notwithstanding it may be thought these could be compressed within narrow limits, that time was consumed in seeking for preliminary information, which might have been advantageously as well as agreeably employed in using it. The moment came when they were obliged to enter the Railway auxilium, or lose the last conveyance, and they found themselves tantalized with a knowledge that they had been occupied in gazing on what least deserved attention, while objects of

superior interest had escaped them. But the error they deplored was not to be repaired. Relentless as old Time himself, the driver takes his seat—the auxilium starts and the tourists return ungratified.

To speak more seriously—the rapid communication, now effected by railways between places remote from each other, is working a mighty change in the relations of different parts of the Empire. The man of pleasure may find it an amusement to study these, but nevertheless a *literary Railroad*, to assist him in the task, will prove not less important than the iron one by which he passes over the ground. To supply such a desideratum; to satisfy curiosity, and to spare the toil and irksomeness of hurried and wearying enquiries, is the object of this volume.

It has been truly remarked by an author whose attention was early awakened to the *consequences* of the application of steam to common road travelling, 'that the "stations," as they are called, will always be fixed in the vicinity of some town of importance, many of which, thousands of the inhabitants of London have not had an opportunity of visiting, whilst, so far as the pleasure-taking portion of our population is concerned, one delightful and instructive consequence of the change, will be to make the Public acquainted with the beauties of their own

country—especially of its rural sections. These will now become objects of rational attraction. Individuals who seeking them, seek at the same time pleasure, information and health will feel that good service may be rendered by descriptions, narratives and facts, which enable them to decide for themselves, at whatever place they may be, how their time can be most agreeably spent.

Before entering upon our task, it may not be amiss to draw attention to the general features of the country intersected by this portion of the Birmingham line. We find in it three rivers, the *Colne*, the *Gade*, and the *Bulbourne*, all tributaries of the Thames, and although the eminences which enclose these streams are not of great elevation, nor the vales through which they glide sufficiently depressed to afford a decided character of picturesque and romantic beauty, yet there is enough of fine scenery to please and to gratify. Independently of the mere scenery, the vicinity of the capital, and the salubrity of the air—(attractions not generally neglected by the noble and the wealthy) contributed in former days to make this district a favourite resort—thus accounting for the growth of towns—multiplying estates in a manner unknown in the distant counties, and studding the country with the *Castle*, the *Monastery*, the



*Manor-house* or the *Villa*, in accordance with the wants and fashions of the times which called each into existence.

If we could go back five or six centuries, we should view this country in a comparatively primitive condition. In later days the streams were made subservient to the purposes of manufacture; the water obeyed the will of man, and became a labourer. Then, as distant places grew into importance, and commerce with its spreading arms created new wants throughout the world, the *Canal* appeared and brought with it fresh sources of occupation and wealth; increased the population of the towns and communicated the life of trade to the hitherto quiet valleys.—Lastly the *Railroad* has started into existence—and now spreads its giant length along these sequestered scenes, to the astonishment of the native population, and the joy of the inn-keepers in the immediate vicinity of the line.

In leaving the Railroad itself to be described by others, we would remark that the particular point on which an individual may wish to finish his journey is now merely a matter of taste. The *effort* required to reach a place distant a hundred miles, is little more than that which is required to reach one but a third of the distance. For instance—" Shall we go to Berkhamsted

or Kenilworth?" The former will cost us one hour and a half in journeying; the latter something less than four hours; fatigue being out of the question in either case, while the interval between the "out and home" trips affords sufficient leisure to inspect, in a single day, whatever is curious in the locality. Be it remembered that there is no walking the hills—no "pulling up" to take a lunch, or a glass of ale, nor going slow to give the horses their wind. This system is likely to be annihilated. We remember an old gentleman, introduced to the Public by the late Charles Mathews, who used to complain of the innovations of *his* day—"the taking away all our enjoyments"—and amongst the rest, the "removal of the *stocks* at Fulham!" However much we may cling to old fashions and old customs (and the feeling it cannot be denied, is a very natural one), we have no doubt that this opening of a new era to "*locomotive*" minds, will be hailed with satisfaction by the great body of the enlightened British people, and it is not too much to hope that a pocket compass, like that now submitted, will be found desirable as a matter of entertainment, and valuable for its utility.

A very celebrated novelist has spoken with some disrespect of those persons, who, in pursuit of knowledge or improvement,

should consume their time in reading the volumes which certain droll authors had facetiously called "The History of England." He no doubt had in his mind the series of foolish battles and absurd speeches, which it has been customary to intrude on the public under that title. Any thing like this history was not in his contemplation. The forgotten scenes now re-opened, and their associations, furnish novel matter to the readers of the present day. They furnish a "new history," and though in tracing matters which had been lost sight of, not always unknown, we cannot, in every instance, steer clear of the subjects of older writers; care will be taken that such details only shall be admitted, as are fit to be read and worthy to be remembered.

In conclusion—we have only to add for the information of those who may be led to take an interest in the history of the *remainder* of the vicinity of this line of Railway (to be published hereafter), that the whole distance from Birmingham to London being *one hundred and twelve miles*, and the present sketches extending only *fifty-six miles*, our labours are but *half* done. It will be an indulgence conceded to us if the reader applies this fact to the QUANTITY and not to the QUALITY of the present publication.

## H A R R O W.

---

AN anecdote is related of "the Merry Monarch" Charles the Second, that a clerical dispute having taken place in his presence concerning the *visible* church upon earth, he facetiously observed, that *the only visible church then present to his "mind's eye," was the Church of Harrow on the Hill*. This royal *jeu de mot* sufficiently explains that Harrow stands on high ground. It is in fact on the highest in the County of Middlesex—neither a small nor an unimportant section of the empire. The town "on the hill" now forms the most conspicuous object in travelling towards its vicinity, and to the first station on the London and Birmingham Railroad.

It is a curious and pleasing exercise to trace the modern names of towns and places to their ancient origin—to mark either the legitimate or the arbitrary steps by which one has

been substituted for another; and the wider the points of similarity between the mere spelling or pronunciation of the ancient and modern, the more pleasing does this study become. Who would dream in the present day of asking to be directed to "*Herga super Montem*"—"Harene alte Hulle" or "*Herges*,"—yet by all these names is Harrow known to history, and mentioned in ancient records. Commencing with the last, etymologists trace in it the *Saxon* name of the place—"Herges," itself being a corruption of the Saxon word "*Herige*," signifying a church. The two other ancient designations are literally translated by its present name "*Harrow on the Hill*," and we have only to add, that there are writers who give the word "*Herges*" a signification meaning an *army*—or an *encampment*, derivations so different from each other that we can only hope to reconcile them by reference to the "*Church Militant*." The nearest approximation to its present name, occurs in the records of the archbishops of Canterbury where the town is called "*HAROWES*."

The Railroad having opened a new and easy means of communication with Harrow, bringing it within half an hour, instead of two hours, distance from the metropolis, we deem the place worthy of a chapter in these sketches, as one "which will be sought out and thronged with visitors in the Summer season."

The manor of Harrow belonged to the Church of Canterbury from the Saxon times, but being wrested from that church by Kenulf, King of Mercia, it was recovered by Archbishop

Wilfrid in the year 822, since which it remained in that see, until Henry VIII. exchanged it with Archbishop Cranmer for lands of equal value. It afterwards came into the family of Rushout, and the Manor-house is still possessed by the family of Sir John Rushout, who has however relinquished this residence for his seat at Northwich Park, Worcestershire. Another manor in the parish is called *Headstone*, and a third *Wembley*, possessed by the family of Page since the year 1544, probably the only instance in Middlesex of a family being resident proprietors of a manor for nearly three centuries!

The "hill" is remarkable for its insulated and abrupt character. It suddenly emerges on all sides from the valley, and affords a variety of beautiful prospects. The view towards the East is terminated by the Metropolis and Hampstead—to the South by the Surrey Hills. It is least extensive towards the North, being intercepted by the high ground about Stanmore and Harrow-weald. On this side, the village of Stanmore and Bentley Priory, the seat of the Marquis of Abercorn, are the most conspicuous objects. The view towards the West and South-West, which is very extensive, may be seen to greatest advantage from the church-yard. The more distant prospect, embraces Windsor Castle and a considerable tract of the Counties of Berks and Bucks. On the brow of the hill descending to Sudbury Common, is a small villa with a garden and shrubbery which commands nearly the same prospect, and on the summit of Sudbury Hill is a villa called the *Hermitage*, in which we may venture to guess no *Hermit* lives in the present day. The manor-house and grounds called

"Harrow Park" are situated on the old London end of the town. The building is in the style of James the First's time, and is at present occupied by one of the employés of the Grammar School. In the year 1170, Thomas-à-Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, spent several days at his manor-house of Harrow, when he was about to visit the heir apparent, Henry Plantagenet, son of Henry II., then at Woodstock. It is told of him, however, that he received a command from the king to desist from his journey and repair immediately to Canterbury—an order that, probably, emboldened two of his own clergy to treat him with great disrespect, for "they maimed the horse that carried his provisions." It is but fair towards Becket to give the names of these "militant" priests, Rigellus de Sackville and Robert de Broc, who were both, for this offence, publicly excommunicated at Canterbury on the Christmas day following. Becket did not long survive these events, for after having by the "*mediacion of Alexander, Bishop of Rome and Lewys, the Frenche Kynge beene restored to his Bishoprike he was not long after, by Certaine gentilmen, slain.*" \*

The Church is distinguished by a lofty and graceful spire covered with lead. The building dates from the time of the Norman Conquest, having been founded by Archbishop Lanfranc. The greater part of the ancient fabric still remains and forms a pleasing object for the antiquarian. The remainder was built about the fourteenth century. In the interior, the circular columns which divide the nave from the aisles,

\* Lanquette's Chronicle.

are Saxon, as is also a part of the tower at the West end, where there is a Saxon arch remarkable in form. The roof is of the ever-enduring oak with carved ornaments, the brackets being supported by figures of the Apostles, precisely in the same style as the churches belonging to this diocese mentioned hereafter. The floor of the nave is rich in ancient monuments, with inscriptions and effigies in brass, for the most part in a state of mutilation, but still telling a tale of by-gone days and indicating the fashion, or monumental taste, of the fourteenth and fifteenth Centuries. On one of them we read :

**"Here rests John Wyke Rector of Harrow who died in 1418."**

His effigy is under a rich Gothic Canopy in his priest's habiliments.

On Another. **"William Wightman Rector who died 1519."**

In the chancel is a tomb to the memory of JOHN FLAMBARD, who died in the reign of Edward III. (between 1327 and 1377). The inscription is as follows :

**"Non meo marmore nummis ordine Flam Cum b lat Barde quoque herbe stigis e funere hic tuatur."**

JOHN LYON, died in the year 1592, and was buried in the nave. The GERARDS, two of the original governors of the school, have mural monuments of the dates 1584 and 1609.

The church-yard is interesting, if it were only for the multitude of inscriptions, chiefly painted on wood, which it contains. There is a cause for every effect, and we imagine this effect to be produced alone by the *extent* of the parish of Harrow,



although there may be something in the desire amongst relatives, that those who have parted from them should lay "high and dry." We do not express this sentiment irreverently. Every one who has lost dear friends knows how strong is the wish for depositing them in a "comfortable grave."

The *lion* of Harrow is, however, the Free Grammar School, founded by JOHN LYON a farmer of the Parish, who had shewn a taste for "teaching the young idea how to shoot," long before he made the magnificent bequest which has immortalized his name. The date of the foundation is 1571. The estates given for its support have greatly increased in value of late years, and we find, that in 1809 some Parishioners of Harrow, imagining they did not receive a due share of the benefits of the School, made an application to the Court of Chancery, which in 1810, was heard in the Rolls Court, when judgment was pronounced in favour of the Seminary, as at present constituted.

Amongst the phalanx of noble individuals who have received their education at this School, the most conspicuous, but more on account of his talents than his virtues, stands the name of BYRON. He appears nevertheless in *those days* to have been a tolerably "good boy." Moore says, "notwithstanding his general habits of play and idleness, which might seem to indicate a total absence of reflection and feeling, there were moments when the youthful poet would retire thoughtfully within himself, and give way to moods of musing, uncongenial

with the usual cheerfulness of his age. A grave is shewn in the church-yard, which was so well known to be his favourite resting place, that the boys called it 'Byron's Tomb,' and here, they say, he used to sit for hours wrapped in thought, brooding over the first stirrings of passion and genius in his soul, and occasionally perhaps, indulging in those bright forethoughts of fame, under the influence of which, when no more than fifteen years of age, he wrote these remarkable lines :—

" My epitaph shall be my name alone ;  
If that with honor fail to crown my clay,  
Oh, may no other fame my deeds repay ;  
That, only that, shall single out the spot,  
By that remembered, or with that forgot."

On the eastern side of the church-yard there is an inscription on wood to the memory of one " Isaac Greentree," upon which, as the *on dit* goes, Byron wrote *in pencil* two lines of punning poetry. We are quite willing that he should have the credit of the authorship,—the sentiment contained in them, being in favour of the writer, whatever his name. The spot in question is overshadowed with limes ;—

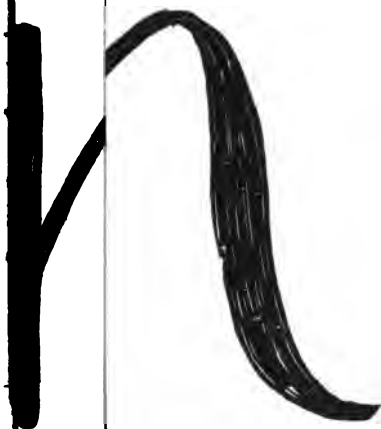
" There is a time when these green trees shall fall,  
And Isaac Greentree rise above them all."

The original school-room, preserved with one exception, as erected in the time of the founder, is lined with oak pannels. The desks, forms, doors and floor, are of the same material, apparently of the same date. The whole is so covered with

cuts and carvings of names, &c. that scarcely a spot remains free from an inscription. It would require a catalogue nearly equal to the list of the constituency of one of the Metropolitan Boroughs, to give the mere initials. We have selected one name, that of *Byron*, and present it to our readers\* in the form of a *fac simile* in size and shape. We should say it was characteristic of the bold, deviating turn of the individual, who it is undoubted, *carved it with his own hand*. There are none of the usual *rules* of forming letters attended to in the "y" or the "r." Sir Robert Peel on the contrary, has "done" his name in a high capital text, of which a copy might be made for type. Close to the name of the noble "Childe," appears that of Col. Wildman, the gentleman who was destined to succeed him as the possessor of Newstead Abbey, his paternal residence. By the name of Sir Robert Peel, that of his son is seen. Many individuals of high celebrity have thus recorded their education at Harrow. Among them, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the unfortunate Spencer Percival, and the present Lord Palmerston may be mentioned.

The school-house is built of brick, and stands on the same eminence as the church, and is contiguous to the church-yard. It is not remarkable for external beauty, and we regret to say that the western end has been modernized for the sake of producing uniformity with the new building for examinations, which adjoins it. That identity, which in the school apartment was so vigilantly guarded, has thus been sacrificed. The

\* See Engraving.



el of the School-room at



“speech room” (as it is called) contains two good pictures—Moses and Aaron before Pharoah, painted by West, 1796: and the Cataline Conspiracy, presented by Lord Northwick. There are Coats of Arms in the windows in stained glass, of Masters, Governors and Benefactors to the school, who have been educated at Harrow.

It appears that Lyon took especial pains to lay down rules for the conduct of the scholars, both in and out of doors. Their amusements were only to consist of “*driving a top, tossing a hand-ball, running and shooting.*” The Harrow boys, now-a-days, amongst their *rudiments* of learning, class *throwing of stones, demolishing windows* and so forth; but the former of the two, appears their favorite and constant amusement—even the tombs in the church-yard, which have inscriptions in marble, are shielded from their attacks by iron gratings, and all the windows of the school are protected from injury, by the equally effectual means of wire guards.

It was at Harrow that Anthony Babington, the hero or chief of “the Babington plot” in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was secured. When the practices in which he had engaged were discovered, the unfortunate man fled to escape punishment, and in order to disguise himself effectually, stained his face with the juice of green walnuts, through which precaution, he hoped to elude his pursuers in the retired neighbourhood of Harrow, where he took refuge in the house of one Bellamy. After enduring much distress, his retreat was found out and he was carried to London.

The crime laid to his charge was, that he had conspired with one Savage, a soldier of most daring and desperate character, to assassinate Queen Elizabeth, liberate Mary, Queen of Scots, then a prisoner, and recognise her as Queen of England. Savage had engaged in concert with a Dr. Gifford to waylay Elizabeth, and stab her with a dagger as she passed to her chapel, or when she might be walking to take the air. Babington whose zeal as a Catholic, led him to approve of any act, which had for its object the removal of a Protestant Sovereign, and the securing the ascendancy of his religion, was unwilling that so important a part of the conspiracy, as the murder of the Queen, should be left to a single hand, and desired that six persons should be associated in the deed.—Savage complained that he should be denied the distinction of committing the murder alone, as originally proposed; but, eventually fell in with the arrangement of Babington.

The ever vigilant ministers of Elizabeth, soon discovered that a plot existed, and as not unfrequently happens in cases of treason, the ringleaders turned traitors to their accomplices. Dr. Gifford made Walsingham acquainted with all that was passing. He seduced Babington to correspond with Mary, and the letters that passed were laid before the Government. At first, Babington and his friends doubted Gifford, and gave him letters to the Queen of Scots, or rather papers folded up as such, in which nothing whatever was written. Paulet, who had Mary in charge, contrived that the letters of Babington should be forwarded by a brewer who supplied the family with

ale; she received them through a chink in the wall, and answers were returned to them in the same way.

The communications thus obtained from Mary, satisfied Babington, that Gifford might be relied upon, and he now fully unbosomed himself to the Queen, who, in her letters, entirely approved of the desperate measures which he suggested, by which Elizabeth was to be deprived of life, and a revolution effected, both in politics and religion.

But circumstances soon transpired, which proved to the conspirators that they were betrayed, and that all their designs were known to the Government. Then it was, that the guilty parties fled, and sought to save their lives by disguises, and in concealment.

As already stated, Babington was seized at Harrow, in the house of a person described to be "a gloomy Papist," of the name of Jerome Bellamy. The latter, with Babington and other conspirators, were committed to the keeping of the Lieutenant of the Tower, and brought to trial at Westminster on the 13th of September, 1586, under a commission of Oyer and Determiner, addressed among others to Sir Francis Walsingham: Sir Christopher Hatton: Sir Christopher Wray, Lord Chief Justice of England: Sir Edmund Anderson, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas: and Sir Roger Manwood, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer. Thomas Savage pleaded guilty, but evidence was, nevertheless, given to support the indictment. This took place on the 13th of September, and on the following day the prisoners were again put to the bar. A brief



specimen of the proceedings, as they appeared on the state trial, may not here be out of its place.

*Sandes.*—(*Clerk to the Crown.*) How sayest thou John Ballard, art thou Guilty of these treasons whereof thou standest indicted, or not ?

*Ballard.*—That I practised the delivery of the queen of Scots, I am Guilty ; and that I went about to alter the Religion, I am Guilty ; but that I intended to slay her majesty, I am not Guilty.

*Sandes.*—Answer directly, art thou Guilty according to the purport of the Indictment ?

*Ballard.*—I answer as my case is.

*Chief Justice Anderson.*—Either deny the Indictment generally, or confess it generally.

*Hatton.*—Ballard, under thy own hand are all things confessed ; therefore now it is much vanity, to stand vain-gloriously in denying it.

*Ballard.*—Then, Sir, I confess I am Guilty.

*Sandes.*—How sayest thou Anthony Babington, art thou Guilty of the treason contained in the Indictment ?

Then began Babington with a mild countenance, a sober gesture, and a wonderful good grace, to declare the beginnings and proceedings of his treasons, which was according to Savage's confession and Ballard's Indictment. In the end he laid all the blame upon Ballard for bringing him to his destruction.

*Hatton.*—A very fit author for so bad a fact !

*Babington.*—Very true, Sir, for from so bad a ground must

proceed many bitter fruits; it was he that persuaded me to kill the queen, and commit the other treasons, whereof now I confess myself Guilty.

After some other proceedings of a formal character, on the second day, the 14th of September, the awful scene was brought to a close. The celebrated Sir Christopher Hatton, seems to have been more excited than any of his brother commissioners on the occasion.

*Sandes*.—John Ballard, thou hast been indicted of high-treason, and thereupon arraigned, and hast pleaded Guilty; what hast thou to say for thyself, wherefore judgment and execution of death should not be given against thee?

*Ballard*.—spake something but not to any effect.

*Sandes*.—demanded of Babington in like manner.

*Babington*.—who said he was Guilty of the treasons, according to his confession, for intending the killing of the queen, and the rest by Ballard's persuasion.

Upon this Sir Christopher Hatton exclaimed :—"O, Ballard, Ballard, what hast thou done? A host of brave youths, otherwise endued with good gifts, by thy inducement hast thou brought to their utter destruction and confusion."

*Babington*.—Yea, I protest before I met with this Ballard, I never meant nor intended for to kill the queen; but by his persuasion I was induced to believe that she was excommunicated, and therefore it was lawful to murder her.

*Ballard*.—Yea, Mr. Babington, lay all the blame upon me,

but I wish the shedding of my blood might be the saving of your life : howbeit, say what you will, I will say no more.

*Hatton.*—Nay, Ballard, you must say more, and shall say more, for you must not commit high-treasons and then huddle them up ; but is this thy *Religio Catholica* ? Nay, rather, it is *Diabolica*.

*Sandes.*—John Savage, thou hast been indicted of high-treason, &c. (*ut sup.* to Ballard). Savage answered nothing, neither did Titchburne, being demanded in like sort also.

So Sandes demanded of Robert Barnewell in like manner.

*Barnewell.*—For as much as I have offended against the law, I am contented to suffer punishment according to the law ; howbeit, I here protest what I have done, was only for my conscience sake, neither did I ever intend violence to her majesty's person.

*Hatton.*—Oh ! Barnewell, Barnewell, didst not thou come to Richmond, and when her majesty walked abroad, didst not thou there view her and all her company, what weapons they had, how she walked alone ? And didst traverse the ground, and thereupon coming back to London, didst make relation to Babington, how it was a most easy matter to kill her majesty, and what thou hadst seen and done at the court ? Yes, I know thou didst so : how canst thou then say, that thou never didst intend to lay violent hands on her majesty ? Nay, I can assure thee, moreover, and it is most true which I say, that her majesty did know that thou didst come to that end, and she did see

and mark thee how thou didst view her and her company ; but had it been known to some there, as well as unto her, thou hadst never brought news to Babington. Such is the magnanimity of our sovereign, which God grant be not over much in not fearing such traitors as thou art.

*Barnewell.*—What I did was only for my conscience sake, and not for any malice, or hatred to her majesty's person.

*Hatton.*—Then would'st thou have killed the queen for conscience ? Fie on such a conscience.

Execution soon followed. Too well did the unhappy Babington then feel, how woefully he had been misled, when he ventured to stake his ample fortune, and all the comforts which a position so favourable naturally commanded, and life itself, on a vain attempt to murder his sovereign, and restore the supremacy of the Pope in England. He endeavoured to move Elizabeth to spare him, but without success. The manner of his appeal to his intended victim may be read with some interest, and as it is not preserved with the circumstances of the final scene, in the modern histories of England, we transcribe them from the ancient chronicles :—

*Mr. Babington's Letter to the Queen, after his condemnation, sent from the Tower, and delivered by his wife.*

“MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN.—If either bitter tears, a pensive, contrite heart, and doleful sighs of a wretched sinner, might work any pity in your royal breast, I would wring out from my drained eyes as much blood as in bewraying my—dryery

—tragedy, should lament my fall, and somewhat, no doubt, move you to compassion ; but since there is no proportion between the quality of my crime and any humane consideration, show, sweet queen, some miracle on a wretch that lieth prostrate in your prison, most grievously bewailing his offence, and imploring such comfort at your anointed hands, as my poor wife's misfortune doth beg, my child's innocency doth crave, my guiltless family doth wish, my heinous treachery least deserve. So shall your divine mercy make your glory shine far above all princes, as my most horrible practices are most detestable amongst your best subjects, with whom that you may long live and happily govern, I beseech the Mercy-master to grant, for his sweet Son's sake, Jesus Christ. Your majesty's unfortunate, because disloyal, subject,

“ ANTHONY BABINGTON.”

The unhappy man seems to have had some hope of saving his life by the fulness of his confession. Afterwards, on the trial of Mary, Queen of Scots, copies of the correspondence which had passed between them, were produced as evidence against her, the correctness of which Babington had certified by signing every page with his own hand. In doing this, we are told, “ he was so circumspect and careful, that finding two or three words mistaken in the writing of the copy, he struck out the same, before he did subscribe it.”

On the 20th of the same month, John Ballard, Anthony Babington, John Savage, Robert Barnewell, Chidiack Titchburne,

Charles Tilney and Edward Arlington, were drawn on hurdles from the Tower, to their execution to St. Giles's fields, being the place where they used to meet, where was erected a scaffold, and thereupon a gallows.

“ John Ballard, the priest, the principal conspirator, confessed, that he was guilty of those things for which he was condemned, but protested they were never enterprised by him upon any hope of preferment, but only, as he said, for the advancement of true religion. He craved pardon and forgiveness of all persons, to whom his doings had been any scandal, and so made an end ; making his prayers to himself in Latin, not asking her majesty forgiveness, otherwise than ‘ if he had offended.’

“ Anthony Babington also confessed, that he was come to die as he had deserved ; howbeit he (as Ballard before) protested, that he was not led into those actions upon hope of preferment or for any temporal respect ; nor had ever attempted them, but that he was persuaded by reasons alleged to this effect, that it was a deed lawful and meritorious. He craved forgiveness of all whom he had any way offended ; he would gladly also have been resolved whether his lands should have been confiscate to her majesty, or whether they should descend to his brother ; but howsoever, his request was to the lords, and others the commissioners there present, that consideration might be had of one, whose money he had received for lands which he had passed no fine for, for which the conveyance was void in law. He requested also, that consideration might be had of a certain servant of his, whom he had sent for certain merchandise into

the East countries, who by his means was greatly impoverished. For his wife he said, she had good friends, to whose consideration he would leave her. And thus he finished, asking her majesty forgiveness, and making his prayers in Latin.

“ John Savage confessed his guilt, and said (as the other two before) that he did attempt it, for that in conscience he thought it a deed meritorious and common good to the weal public, and for no private preferment.

“ The other culprits made similar confessions. Titchburne would seem to have been the partner, or in some way intimately connected with Babington, for in his speech on the scaffold, he uses these remarkable words. ‘ Before this thing chanced, we lived together in most flourishing estate; of whom went report in the Strand, Fleet Street, and elsewhere about London, but of Babington and Titchburne? No threshold was of force to brave our entry. There we lived and wanted nothing we could wish for.’ ”

“ Ballard,” the narrative proceeds, “ was first executed. He was cut down and bowelled with great cruelty while he was alive. Babington beheld Ballard’s execution without being in the least daunted, while the rest turned away their faces, and fell to prayers upon their knees. Babington being taken down from the gallows alive too, and ready to be cut up, he cried aloud several times in Latin, ‘ *Parce mihi Domine Jesu!* ’ Spare me, O Lord Jesus. Savage broke the rope and fell down from the gallows, and was presently seized by the executioners and embowelled.” The other parts of the shocking sentence then

pronounced against traitors, (which cannot now be even described without offending decorum,) were carried into full effect.

On the following day, seven more, the associates of those above named, expiated their crime in the same way, save that the queen having heard of the horrors witnessed, when the last sufferers were embowelled alive, ordered that those who were immediately to follow them, should not be taken down from the gallows till they were quite dead.

The following documents written by one of the sufferers on this melancholy occasion, have been preserved by Mr. D'Israeli in his "Curiosities of Literature."

*"A letter written by Chidiack Titchburne the night before he suffered death, unto his wife, dated Anno 1586.*

"TO THE MOST LOVING WIFE ALIVE,—I commend me unto her, and desire God to bless her with all happiness, pray for her dead husband, and be of good comforte; for I hope in Jesus Christ this morning to see the face of my Maker and Redeemer in the most joyful throne of his glorious kingdome. Commend me to all my friends, and desire them to pray for me, and in all charitie to pardon me, if I have offended them. Commend me to my six sisters poore desolate soules, advise them to serve God, for without him, no goodness is to be expected: were it possible, my little sister Babb, the darlinge of my race might be bred by her, God would rewarde her; but I do her wrong I confesse, that hath by my desolate negligence too little for herselfe, to add a further charge unto her. Deere



wife, forgive me, that have by these means so much impoverished her fortunes; patience and pardon good wife I crave, make of these, our necessities, a virtue, and lay no further burthen on my neck than hath already been. There be certain debts that I owe, and because I know not the order of the lawe, piteous it hath taken from me all, forfeited by my course of offence to her majestie, I cannot advise thee to benefit me herein, but if there fall out wherewithall, let them be discharged for God's sake. I will not that you trouble yourself with the performance of these matters, my own heart, but make it known to my uncles, and desire them, for the honour of God and ease of their soule, to take care of them as they may, and especially care of my sister's bringing up, the burthen is now laide on them. Now, *Sweet-check*, what is left to bestow on thee a small joynture, or small recompense for thy deserving, these legacies following to be thine owne.

“God of his infinite goodness give thee grace alwaies to remain his true and faithfull servant, that through the merits of his bitter and blessed passion thou maist become in good time of his kingdom with the blessed women in Heaven. May the Holy Ghost comfort thee with all necessities for the wealth of thy soul in the world to come, where untill it shall please Almighty God I meete thee, farewell lovinge wife, farewell the dearest to me on all the earth, farewell!

“By the hand from the heart of thy most faithful louinge husband,

“CHIDIOCK TITCHBURN.”

## " VERSES,

*" Made by Chidiock Titchburne of himselfe in the Tower, the night  
before he suffered death.*

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" My prime of youth is but a frost of cares,  
My feast of joy is but a dish of pain,  
My crop of corn is but a field of tares,  
And all my goodes is but vain hope of gain.  
The day is fled, and yet I saw no sun,  
And now I live, and now my life is done.

" My spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung,  
The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves are green,  
My youth is past, and yet I am but young,  
I saw the world, and yet I was not seen;  
My thread is cut, and yet, it is not spun  
And now I live, and now my life is done!

" I sought for death, and found it in the wombe,  
I look'd for life and yet it was a shade,  
I trode the ground, and knew it was my tombe,  
And now I dye, and now I am but made.  
The glass is full, and yet my glass is run;  
And now I live, and now my life is done."

WATFORD.

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THE primary object in the application of steam to Railroad travelling, being *the economizing of time*, the inhabitants of Watford cannot be congratulated on enjoying the advantages of the discovery to its fullest extent, for the "line" here, after intersecting the houses at the *eastern end of the town*, proceeds onwards for nearly two miles, before it reaches the Watford "station," which is at a point where the western extremity of the town is one mile distant. Without dwelling on the causes which have rendered it expedient to fix the resting-place here, we may remark that it has afforded an opportunity to compare Railway with Omnibus speed, and to call into action the rivalry of inn-keepers, and accordingly a choice of vehicles, from the "Essex Arms" and the "Rose and Crown" is offered to carry passengers into the town. This journey of a mile is not uninteresting. There is a small portion of the high road from

Watford to St. Alban's (which crosses the Railway) leading South, lined with elms, at the end of which, turning East, lies the town, ranging on both sides of the road for about a mile in length. It has an ancient aspect, and we find that as part of Cashio Hundred, it was given by the Saxon king Offa to the Abbey of St. Alban's, and that its market on Tuesday was the gift of Henry I. Subsequently, James I. granted the town to Lord Ellesmere, in whose possession, as well as of his descendants, it continued, until the late Duke of Bridgewater, in 1760, sold it to the Earl of Essex, in whose family it still remains. The river Colne, after uniting all the streams of the western parts of the county of Hertford, crosses the town, and beautifies the vicinity by its serpentine windings. It has its rise in Middlesex, receives the Meuse or Verulam river at Colney-street, then flows by Watford to Rickmansworth, below which town, having received the "Gade" from Hemel Hempstead, it leaves the county, and becomes the limit between Middlesex and Buckingham to Colnbrook, and finally passes to the Thames.

The objects of most interest to the traveller in this vicinity, we deem to be the Church, Cashiobury Park the seat of the Earl of Essex, and the village of Bushy, and shall proceed to describe them in the same order as here mentioned.

### THE CHURCH

stands in the centre of the town, and is dedicated to the Virgin Mary. It is a large structure of stone, which has been

disfigured with a mask of modern plaster, and has a square tower ninety feet high, surmounted by an hexagonal spire. In the tower are eight bells and chimes. The building is irregular in form, although the additions which make it so are not modern. On the left hand side of the chancel is a large chapel called the "Tomb House," being the cemetery of the Essex family, and containing a congregation of tombs altogether of the higher class of art. We could not discover one of earlier date than the year 1587, which is "*to the memory of Elizabeth, daughter of the illustrious Arthur Capel.*" There is a slab in brass which perpetuates the names of

Henry Dickens, died 1610.

George Miller, — 1613.

Anthony Cooper,

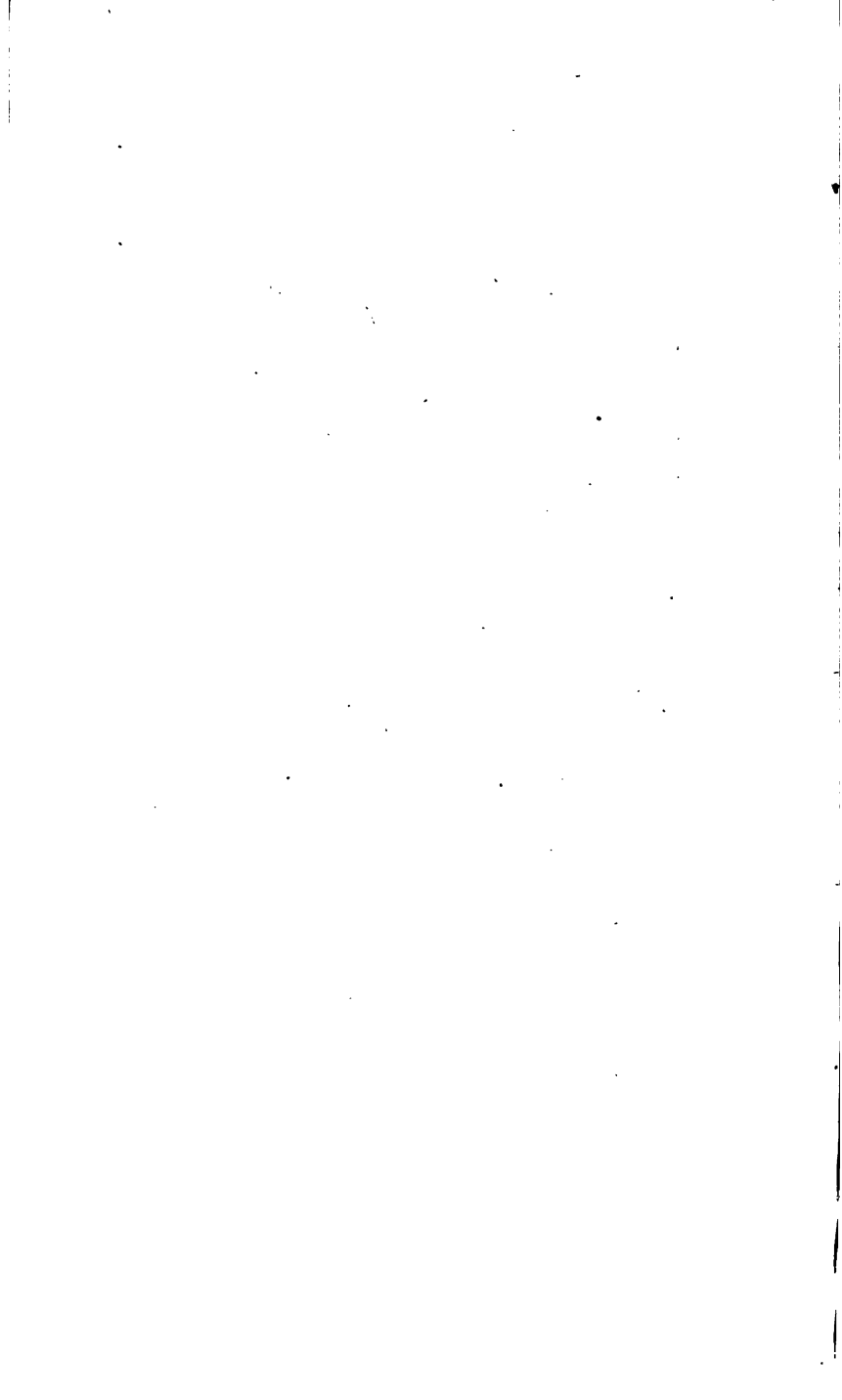
late *servants* to Sir Charles Morrisson, Knight, who lived in his family forty years, and "in memorie of them Dorothea la Morrisson *vouchsafed* the stone and inscription."

The last of the three, as the date of his exit is not given, was probably still alive when the stone was "*vouchsafed*," and may have subsequently died at some distant place, and thus lost the honour intended to his remains.

A simple tablet, in the form of a shield, is equally worthy of notice, for its brief inscription to the memory of



**SPECIMEN of Engravings in effigy, of rich or illustrious individuals, on brass plates, inserted in their tombs, intended to show the monumental taste, and also the state of the art of engraving in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; the above being inscribed to RALPH VERNY, his lady, and twelve children, nine boys and three girls.—In ALDSBURY CHURCH, HERTFORDSHIRE.**



HARRIET,  
WIFE OF RICHARD FORD,  
BORN, JULY 19, 1807,  
DIED, MAY 14, 1837,  
QUE SERA SERA.

The roof of this chapel is hung with a profusion of banners, some of them much decayed, and there is also suspended an iron helmet and gloves of some noble of the olden time. The pew of the Earl of Essex is spacious, and is entered from the cemetery.

We need not here inform many of our readers, that the present Earl of Essex has already attained the age of eighty, and the countess (who is also living) nearly seventy-eight. They have been married upwards of fifty years, but, we believe, have of late lived separate. It appears that the Earl, who formerly took a lively interest in matters connected with the stage, has not yet relinquished his taste for theatricals. A once celebrated singer being a frequent visitor at Cashiobury Park, where she remained during four months of last summer. There is an inscription in the chapel to an illegitimate daughter of the Earl, who died in the present year at the age of twenty-nine.

Cashiobury Park is said to have been the residence of Mercian kings during the Saxon heptarchy, until Offa gave it to the monastery of St. Alban's. After the Dissolution, it was granted by Henry VIII. to Richard Moryson, Esq., with the same privileges enjoyed by the abbots. This gentleman held



several important employments under Henry and his successor, and was his ambassador to the emperor Charles V. Mr. Moryson began to rebuild the fabric, which was finished by his son and heir, Sir Charles Moryson, who died in 1599, part of which remains. His son, Sir Charles Moryson, was created a baronet in 1611, and Knight of the Bath, at the coronation of Charles I. He married Mary, second daughter of Baptist Hicks, Viscount Campden, and left an only daughter, Elizabeth, married to Arthur, Lord Capel (a descendant of Sir William Capel, lord mayor of London, 1503) who was inhumanly beheaded during the civil wars. The son of this nobleman, Arthur, Earl of Essex, in 1670, was sent ambassador to Denmark, where he bravely supported the honour of his country, and refused to lower the colours, although the small vessel in which he sailed was fired on by the governor of Croninberg castle, for which the governor was afterwards compelled to beg pardon on his knees. George, Earl of Essex, the present possessor of Cashio-bury, assumed the name of Coningsby, on succeeding to the estates of his grandmother, Frances, daughter of Thomas, Earl Coningsby, of Hampton Court, Herefordshire.

The seat is elegant, and the situation the best in the county, upon a dry spot, within a park of large extent. The noble beeches for which it is remarkable, are arranged in clumps of five and six, and between each clump are many fine specimens of the "*brave old oak,—*"

" Who stands in his pride alone."

and *cedars of Lebanon*, which “with fair branches, and with a shadowy shroud, and of an high stature, had their tops among the thick boughs.”\* In front of the house is a fine dry lawn, which, as a consequence of its mossy character, may be rode or walked upon after a heavy rain as on the driest downs. A little below the house, the river Colne winds through the park, and contributes by its pure waters, and their never-ceasing flow, to the embellishment of the woodland scenery. The present noble trees were planted by Le Notre, in the reign of Charles II. On the opposite side of the river the ground rises to a considerable height, affording the eye an agreeable variety. The Grand Junction Canal also traverses the park, and adds to the diversity of its scenery.

#### THE HOUSE

is spacious and pleasantly situated, and its present owner has *restored*, the cloisters of the ancient abbey, and embellished them with windows of stained glass, the effect of which is to maintain the character of the mansion—the glass being antique and the subjects represented chiefly scriptural.

Strangers are permitted to see all the rooms on the ground floor. A very respectable and well-informed house-keeper points out what is most remarkable, and performs her part with

\* Ezekiel, Chap. xxxi, ver. 3.

great correctness. His lordship, it is stated, has been very anxious in this respect, and has desired that care should be taken to guard against any mis-representation being made on the subject of the treasures of art or vertu which his mansion contains.

In the first apartment to which the visitor is admitted, there are many objects of great interest. The portrait of Sir Thomas Coningsby, on the right, is among the first to which attention is called. He appears to have been of noble stature, and is attended by his dwarf servant, a man whose head reaches but little above his master's knee. Sir Thomas had one leg shorter than the other, and the means he took to diminish the inconvenience thence arising, are not a little remarkable, as we are told a favourite dog was trained to be constantly at his master's heels, and to present himself that Sir Thomas might place his foot on him as often as the baronet stopped. Had Richard the Third been subject to a similar defect, and relieved himself from it in this manner, the commentators on Shakspeare would have connected with the fact his exclamation,

*"The dogs bark at me as I halt by them!"*

In the picture, the dog (a small spaniel), is seen performing his duty as if well pleased with the distinction conferred upon him by his master, who does not press very heavily on his living foot-stool.

At the further extremity of the cloister is a very old painting, *the only original portrait extant of king Henry the Fourth*. The countenance is noble and expressive, but not severe. The colours are still good. At the top of the frame are the words "Henricus IV." and below is the following curious antiquarian narrative :—

"Henry the IV. king of England who lay'd the first stone of this house,\* and left this picture in it when he gave it to Lentall, who sold it to Cornwall of Burford, who sold it to the ancestors of the Lord Coningesby, in the reign of Henry VI."

When, or how the picture was removed from Hampton Court in Herefordshire, the place in which it is stated to have been left by the kingly subject of it, to its next abode, or to its present situation, is not mentioned.

The next room to which the stranger is admitted, is the dining-room, an apartment of lofty and commodious dimensions. It commands a fine view of the rising grounds of the park. Splendid cabinets and many fine paintings, among them portraits of the present Earl and Countess, when in the bloom of life, are here displayed. But in a small adjoining apartment, some relics will be found, which the lover of historical curiosities would not willingly overlook. Of these, two are connected with the death of king Charles the First. They are in distinct frames, and accompanied by the subjoined inscription :—

\* Of Hampton Court, Herefordshire.

“The upper frame contains a piece of the velvet pall which covered the coffin of the king when the same was discovered at Windsor, A. D. 1813, and the lower a piece of the ribbon of the Order of the Garter worn by King Charles I. when he was beheaded.”

From this we collect what we do not remember to have been mentioned in history, that even in the last sad moment when he was to lay his head upon the block, Charles wore about his person some of the ornaments which had adorned it in his happier days. His “*George*” he gave to Bishop Juxon, but to whom the ribbon, of which a portion is here preserved, passed at the time, has never been stated.

Near the above is another object of some interest. A small cabinet is opened and part of a cambric handkerchief dingy in colour appears. We read below,

“In this Cabinet is preserved the handkerchief which Lord Coningsby placed on the wound King William received on his shoulder, at the battle of the Boyne, and is stained with his blood, 1690.” On looking closely at it, the stains mentioned in the inscription may be discerned, though their original colour here is faded and has resolved itself into a faint yellow. Above is a painting representing the scene in which the handkerchief was used in the manner described. Coningsby appears all anxiety to relieve his Sovereign, and William accepts his loyal services with dignified composure. The likenesses of both are authentic.

A most elegant drawing-room is the next apartment thrown open to the visitor. In addition to its beautiful and appropriate furniture, we find here a series of fine paintings by Sir Peter Lely and by eminent modern artists. Among them is one very delightful painting of the present Earl when ten years of age, and his sister who was three years older than himself. The portrait of the latter, is that of a singularly beautiful girl, who then gave fair promise of those charms which subsequently distinguished her in the meridian of life. She died a few years ago at the age of fourscore. The fashionable world may yet preserve some recollection of the once lovely Lady Monson.

The library contains some fine paintings, and among them will be found admirable likenesses of H. Wallack, and W. Farren as Adam Brock and Charles XII. There is also an original Morland, and an exquisite effort of a modern artist which gives to miniature-painting all the force, roundness and effect of carved ivory.

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## BUSHY.

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From Watford a pleasant walk of a mile on the London road, leads to this village, nearly adjoining which is Bushy Heath extending towards Stanmore. The Heath is remarkable for its high situation, being the most elevated ground in the County, and the view from it embraces an horizon of considerable extent on all sides; Westminster Abbey, Hampton Court, Windsor and the Thames winding through the most beautiful parts of Middlesex and Surrey, being distinctly visible from it. Those who from want of time, or inclination, can only visit the village, may enjoy the chief features of the view from the heath, by ascending the tower of the Church. The situation of several other places; for instance, Rickmansworth, is marked by the smoke, that unfailing indication of an English town, hovering over the spot. On the north, St. Alban's Abbey, the giant of

the landscape, rises above every other object. On the north-east, Hill Field Lodge, the seat of Captain Timmins; on the south-east, the village of Clay; and on the north-west, the town of Watford, and a considerable portion of the line and embankments of the Rail-road. A landscape more of the character of an immense and well-cultivated garden is seldom to be seen.

The history of the small village of Bushy is not uninteresting. Its first Norman possessor, Geoffry de Mandeville, for having *incurred the Pope's displeasure* was suspended in lead on a tree in the Temple, christian burial not being allowed to any person under such circumstances. Others of its possessors were equally unfortunate. Edmond of Woodstock was beheaded through the vile machinations of Queen Isabella and her paramour Mortimer, on a suspicion of intending to restore his brother Edward II. to the throne, and so much was he beloved by the people, and his persecutors detested, that he stood from one to five in the afternoon, before an executioner could be procured, and then an outlaw from the Marshalsea performed the hateful task. Thomas, Duke of Surrey, was beheaded at Cirencester, in rebellion against Henry IV. Thomas de Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, after obtaining the highest honours in the campaigns in France with Henry V., was killed by the splinter of a window-frame driven into his face by a cannon ball at the siege of Orleans. Richard the stout Earl of Warwick, another possessor, was killed at Barnet. George, Duke of



Clarence, was drowned in a butt of Malmsey. Richard III. was the next possessor. Lady Margaret de la Pole, countess of Suffolk, was beheaded at the age of seventy-two by the cruel policy of Henry VIII. in revenge for a supposed affront by her son to the cardinal. In this parish also, lived Titus Silas, who, in a pamphlet entitled "*Killing no Murder*," to deliver England from its yoke, advised Cromwell to commit suicide; he gained promotion in the reign of Charles II., and by his buffoonery, induced that monarch to disgrace the great lord chancellor Clarendon.

The church is a small venerable edifice. On making some repairs or alterations a few years ago an inscription was discovered which stated it to have been "built in the year 1006." The inscription in question has been transferred to an iron plate affixed to the wall of the western end of the church. On a slab in the aisle to the memory of two BAKEWELLS, one of whom died in the year 1643, is the following quaint epigram, a good specimen of those in which our ancestors indulged on such solemn occasions—

*"Peres two in one and yet not two but one,  
Two sonnes, one tomb, two heirs, one name alone."*

The present Dr. Lushington, whose seat is in the vicinity, frequently attends the church. His lady, who died recently, lies buried in the family vault in the chancel. Such is the want of room in the church, that it is literally "all pews," (except a

passage up the aisle,) even to within the altar rails on both sides.

We have hitherto said little of *church-yards*. Those who visit the churches we attempt to describe, will have the opportunity of indulging whatever taste they may possess for modern inscriptions. Many ancient relics however, are still to be found upon the green sod, All the church-yards in this and the adjoining counties are remarkable for *wooden tombs*, two uprights support a cross piece upon which the memorial or epitaph is inscribed.

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## HEMEL HEMPSTEAD.

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ON stepping out of the Railway carriage at the third Station, the traveller finds himself on Box-Moor—a common, whose only embellishments in former times were the river Gade, and the high road from London to Aylesbury, which is part of the ancient “Ikenild way.” Its modern improvements are the Grand Junction Canal and the Railroad, and here may be seen the four means of communication at one view. The canal is at this point distant forty miles from London, and whilst the boats require a day and a half to navigate from the City Road Basin to Box-Moor, the Railroad train travels the same distance in little more than an hour. The village at the east end, on the canal, is called “Two-Waters.” One of the branches of the river Thames, which has its source at Tring, called “Bulbourne Head,” falls into the Gade at this place and gives the name to the village. Certain of the inhabitants of Hemel Hempstead have the privilege of grazing cattle on the Moor, and a circular iron badge placed upon their door-posts indicates the inhabitant who enjoys this privilege. In summer the breeze from the south or west brings purity and health with it, but in the winter, with a strong touch of the east or north, there





**CHURCH OF HEMEL HEMPSTEAD.**

is a wind which, as an old cottager expressed it, "would skin a feather." A tolerably agreeable road of two miles, takes you to Hemel Hempstead, and there you have not to choose between the rival inns, "the old and new Commercial," for the proprietors will already have secured your patronage, by sending their own cars or coaches down to the Station, and driving you at once into their premises. We were fortunate enough to meet with Mr. Deacon, whose coach is called the "Queen Dowager," and his inn the "King's Arms," the former conveyed us safely to the latter, and right well pleased we were with our fare during a sojourn of two days. The river Gade, on its way to join the Thames at Dorchester in Oxfordshire, runs through the valley, embellishing in its course the park and seat of Sir Ashley Cooper, the former, open to visitors at all times, is reached by turning down a lane just beyond the northern extremity of the town, and crossing the river over a wooden bridge. From the park a view of the town is obtained, but the real searcher after the picturesque should ascend to the exterior of the Church tower, and the "vale," (as the inhabitants call it) will please his eye, although the view, except on the side towards Box Moor, is confined. The Church, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, is well worthy of a visit. Its character is neatness, and its fittings are elegant and comfortable. It consists of a nave, two side aisles, and a transept, on the top of which is built a handsome tower, with Norman-Saxon lights, the whole surmounted with a beautiful spire of ornamented lead. At the west end is a fine door of Saxon architecture, curiously

and richly ornamented; highly adorned with fleurs-de-lis and vine leaves alternately, fretwork, &c. The capitals are enriched with grotesque figures. The nave is separated from the aisles by a range of five massive columns on each side, and two half columns with sculptured square capitals, which support arches with zig-zag mouldings. The tower rests on semi-circular clustered columns, ornamented. The west window is adorned with a representation, in stained glass, of the Good Samaritan, a happy subject, considering it to have been chosen by the donor, Sir Ashley Cooper. The oldest monument we could discover is placed in the south-western corner of the Church, and is to the memory of one Robert Albyn and his wife, who lived in the reign of Edward the Third. Its dilapidated condition entirely prevents the decyphering the inscription on the spot, but we are enabled, through other means to present the whole, with translations. The original inscription is as follows, in Norman-French:—

“ Robert Albyn gist ici et Margrete sa femme  
 Duke ly deu de les alms cyt mercy Amen.”

The translation into *modern* French will be:—

“ Robert Albyn git ici et Marguerite sa femme  
 Avec lui ; Dieu sur leurs ames ayez merci, Amen.”

And the English:—

“ Robert Albyn lies here, and Margaret his wife  
 With him. God have mercy on their souls,—Amen.”

There are other monuments to members of the Bridgewater family, both in the interior and on the exterior of the Church, worth inspection, and also one to the memory of the lady of Sir Ashley Cooper, whose pew, and "the place where he sits," when at church at Hemel Hempstead, are pointed out as objects of interest. We were amused with the garrulity of the Sexton—a hale man of sixty, who informed us that he, his father and grand-father, were born and had lived all their lives in the place, and as for the "Regalia"—the cushions and pulpit coverings—beadle's staff and so forth, he assured us "there was not a more splendid *turn out* in all England." It is but just to confess that we have seen many worse. The "Chime Barrel" in the tower was shewn to us also, but we accounted for not hearing its sounds on Sunday, by remembering that out of six tunes which the chimes play, four of them are profane. On the south side of the church-yard there formerly stood an ancient moated seat, called Hempstead Bury, granted by Henry VIII. to John Waterhouse and Richard Coombe, on the occasion of his visit to the latter, when he was sumptuously entertained, in return for which the king granted a charter to the town, and a market to be held, which is now held on Thursdays. There are no turnpikes within seven miles of Hemel Hempstead, and it is a tradition that this privilege was also granted by Henry VIII. King Offa gave six mansions in this town, then called Haen (or old) Hempstead, to the monastery of St. Alban's which grant was confirmed by king Ethelred. After the conquest the remainder of the villa, which had belonged



to the Saxon kings, was given by William I. to the Earl of Mortaigne, whose son forfeited it to the crown for raising a rebellion in Normandy against Henry I. It afterwards became the property of Richard, Earl of Cornwall, brother of Henry III. His son Edmond gave it, excepting the Warren and Church, to the Monastery of BON HOMMES at Esseray, now ASHRIDGE, the seat of the Bridgewater family, with whom it remained until the dissolution.

About the year 1800, during the period of the formation of the canal over Box-Moor, a robbery of the Mail Bags was effected one night by a man named Snook which created a great sensation at the time, from the fact of Snook being afterwards executed near the spot of the robbery, which is now marked by a mound of earth opposite the farm house at the western end of the Moor. The mail bags were in those days carried by horse, and on the night in question, the man who had them in charge was stopped by a robber and compelled to carry the bags to a solitary spot and then told to go "about his business." The next morning the bags were found with part of their contents, in a field by some labourers in the employ of a respectable farmer named Pope. Information was immediately given to the Post Master of the district, Mr. Page of the King's Arms, Berkhamstead, who forthwith proceeded to the Post Office, in London, where he delivered what had been found to Mr. Freeling, (the late Sir Francis Freeling,) and for the time, all clue to the perpetrator of the robbery was lost.

It afterwards transpired that the name of the culprit was

Snook. He obtained by this adventure a large booty, having from one letter alone, abstracted property to the amount of five hundred pounds. With this he hastened to "London, the needy villain's general home," and took up his abode in the Borough of Southwark. There one of those incautious acts which commonly follow or accompany crime, had nearly betrayed him into the hands of justice. He sent a servant from the house where he resided, to purchase a piece of cloth for a coat, and gave her what she understood was a five-pound note. When this, as such, was presented in payment for the cloth, the tradesman said there must be some mistake, as what she had tendered, instead of being a five was a fifty-pound note. The female returned to Mr. Snook, who, upon this, thought it advisable instantly to decamp, and he then directed his steps to Hungerford in Wiltshire, which was his native place. Here he for some time successfully eluded pursuit, though the most active exertions were made by the police to discover his retreat, and a reward of three hundred pounds was offered for his apprehension. He was at length taken, in consequence of being recognized by a post-boy who had formerly been his schoolfellow. Carried to Hertford, he was put on his trial and found guilty. A severe example was thought necessary, and he was ordered to die. Instructions were then given to Mr. Page, who was high constable of the district, as well as post-master, to select a place for his execution, as near as possible to the scene of his crime, so as not to give annoyance to the neighbourhood, and it was intended that he should be hung in chains; but this being petitioned against by

those who resided on or near Box-Moor, the design was abandoned. The criminal conducted himself with great fortitude. He proposed to one whom he had formerly known, to give him his watch, on condition that he should take away his remains, but the party applied to, unwilling to have attention fixed on him as the friend of such a character, declined the offer. It was in consequence determined that he should be buried under the gallows. The place already described having been fixed upon for the closing scene, on the day of execution, he was brought from Hertford in a post-chaise, and the apparatus of death, also brought from Hertford, having been previously erected, he was placed in a cart and from that launched into eternity. After the corpse was cut down, it was then asked if any one would give him a coffin. Nobody came forward, and the hangman having stated that the clothes of the dead man were now his property, proceeded to strip the body for interment. His garments having been removed, with the exception of the lower part of his dress, the executioner was about to seize also on them, when Mr. Page interfered and insisted that some regard should be had to decency, and that these should not be taken from the defunct malefactor. A hole was then dug beneath the fatal tree on which he had suffered, and a truss of straw having been procured, half of it was thrown into the grave, and the corpse being placed on it, the other half was thrown on the body and the earth was without further ceremony filled in. But the people in the neighbouring town of Hemel Hempstead hurt at the manner in which

a wretched fellow creature had thus been entombed, subscribed to purchase a coffin, which, on the following day, they carried to the place where the miserable robber had paid the last penalty of the law, re-opened the grave, and deposited the lifeless form, in the coffin so compassionately subscribed for, and the earth immediately again closed over him. Snook had previously been a bad character and had committed several highway robberies. He once attempted to stop a Mr. Laker and was said to have fired a pistol at him, but the intended victim escaped unhurt. At the place of execution, when about to be turned off, he adverted to this charge, and admitted his guilt so far as the intent to rob went, but denied that he had contemplated murder, or intended doing Mr. Laker any bodily injury. At the moment he checked his horse for the purpose of approaching Mr. Laker, the animal reared, and in taking the pistol from his pocket, it went off by accident. Snook's general conduct, caused his statement to obtain belief, as however desperate his unlawful enterprises, he was not known to have in any case used unnecessary violence. When he committed the offence for which his life was forfeited, he did not in any way ill-treat the bearer of the mail bags, but only compelled him to go as already mentioned, to a place convenient for the perpetration of the robbery he meditated.

## BERKHAMSTED.

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ON alighting at this station from London, the town is immediately on the left, and the extensive remains of its ancient Castle (of which we shall have to speak at large hereafter) on the right. The town has been from situation, considered as a British Oppidum, by Salmon, unguarded by any fosse or bank, the usual defence.

Dr. Stukely, from the Roman coins, fragments of armour, spurs. &c., that have been found here, asserts, that it must have been a Roman Station; and others have stated it to have been Durocobravis.

Leaving all these conjectures to have their due weight, we shall abide by the testimony of Norden, who says, that, "the Saxons, in old time, called this town Berghamstedt, because it

was seated among hills ; for *Berg* signified a hill ; *Ham*, a town ; and *Stedt*, a seat ; all which are proper for the situation hereof."

It was near Berkhamsted that Frederick, Abbot of St. Alban's, a man of the royal blood, and related to King Canute, impeded the march of William I. by causing the trees on the road-side to be felled and laid across the way, after a consultation of the English nobility at this place. The Abbot, we are told, " first threw trees, and then oaths ; and brought the Conqueror to mean concessions, and swallowing oaths he never meant to keep. But William was so much a conqueror, that he conquered that just dread mortals should have of the Avenger of perjury. He swore upon the Gospel, and *the reliques of St. Alban's Church*, that he would keep inviolable the good and ancient laws of the kingdom ; yet he took away all their lands, and divided them among his commanders and his countrymen. They that would excuse him in this small slip of perjury, lay it upon Norman advice, that he broke through his engagement. He seems to have wanted no counsel in the case, to slight those he had subdued, and to trust for his support in the throne, to the men whose valour had raised him to it."

Henry II. granted to " all the men and merchants of this town great privileges, even the same as they enjoyed under Edward the Confessor ; that they should have liberty of selling their merchandise through England, Normandy, and other provinces of France, free of duties." They had farther, an exemption from the common jurisdiction, and had particular

offices of this honour and liberty, such as high steward and coroner, and that no market should be held within seven miles of the town."

The crown continued possessed of Berkhamsted until King John granted it to Geoffrey Fitz Piers, Earl of Essex. This nobleman founded two hospitals here, one dedicated to St. John the Baptist, the other to St. John the Evangelist, for lepers, and vested the guardianship of both, in the brothers of St. Thomas D'Acres, in London, obliging them, however, to spend the revenue in Berkhamsted, and not carry it elsewhere.

Henry III. changed the market, which had been on *Sunday*, to Monday. That monarch, when he created his brother Richard, Earl of Cornwall, invested him with the castle and honour of Berkhamsted, as an appendage to the earldom. This earl, after having made two pilgrimages to the Holy Land, married his second wife, the daughter of Raymond, Count of Provence, and sister of the Queen of England, whom he endowed at the church door of Westminster Abbey with the third portion of all his estates, and this of Berkhamsted among the rest. He was afterwards elected king of the Romans and died, leaving by his second wife, Edmond, Earl of Cornwall, who married Margaret, daughter of Richard de Clare, Earl of Gloucester and Hereford, from whom he was divorced, and living a life of discontent, founded the convent of *Esserugge* or ASHRIDGE, where he died without issue, and was buried near

his father, at Hales Abbey, in Gloucestershire. His nephew, King Edward I. was declared his heir, who granted to Piers Gaveston, on his marriage with the king's sister, Berkhamsted, and all its royalties. By the death of this upstart favourite, the estate devolved to the crown; and Edward III. having raised his brother, Prince John of Eltham, to the earldom of Cornwall, he added to it the honour, castle, and town of Berkhamsted, with other manors, to the value of two-thousand pounds per annum. Upon his decease, without issue, the same king bestowed all these estates on his eldest son Edward, prince of Wales, surnamed the Black Prince, together with the dukedom of Cornwall, "to be held by him and his heirs, and the eldest sons of the kings of England." It has since descended from the crown to the successive princes of Wales.

There anciently belonged to the honour of Berkhamsted, no fewer than fifty towns and hamlets in the counties of Herts, Bucks and Northampton; and the tenants were accustomed to do their service at this town. This custom has, however, been relaxed; the courts are held in each county, and the tenants pay a pecuniary consideration, to be excused from the above service.

The town formerly sent members to parliament; and it was incorporated by James I. (whose children were nursed here,) by the name of Bailiff and Burgesses, who might have a common seal, purchase a council-house, make laws for the borough, and choose a recorder and town clerk; the bailiff,



recorder, and chief burgess, to be justices of the peace for the borough and liberties and they were to have a silver mace with the arms of Charles, Prince of Wales, engraved on it.

During the war between Charles I. and the Parliament, this corporation sunk into oblivion. "This body politic," says Salmon, "is now reduced to a skeleton; and is like the castle, which is to be known only by its walls and moats."

Thus far may be regarded as the *ancient* history of the town of Berkhamsted. The market in the present day is still held on Monday, but has become of little note. Tring on one side, and Hemel Hempstead on the other (at both which towns the markets are large), have no doubt contributed to its decay. The single broad street which almost alone constitutes the town, is a mile in length, of spacious dimensions, and presents a noble range of houses, the chief of which are ancient, in which the elegant, the respectable, and the mean are intermingled. At the London, or east end, is a choice specimen of the style of building of the early part of the seventeenth century, now a school. The projecting windows of diamond shaped glass, cover the greater portion of the building, and communicate to it an air of lightness and beauty to which modern houses are strangers. As a contrast to this, we may mention another object worthy of note—the old market-house, which as respects its architecture, is nearly as ornamental to the town, as the new National Gallery is to Trafalgar Square in London, although the former has this advantage over the latter, that notwithstanding

its degraded style of architecture, it doubtless fully answers the purpose for which it was intended.

Berkhamsted was of great note when the exiled Bourbons of France sought an asylum in this country. Louis XVIII, and after him Charles X. and family, lived at Hartwell House, about two miles from Aylesbury, and on their journies to and from the metropolis, always honored the King's Arms with their custom, and as their numerous royal and noble visitors at Hartwell did the same, this inn has entertained in turn nearly all the crowned heads in Europe, to the no small gratification and profit of the worthy Mr. Page—the present landlord. Not only also is “Miss Page,” the landlord's accomplished daughter, to be mentioned in connection with the King's Arms and the Regal times above alluded to, but it belongs to the *page* of history to record, that so highly pleased was the monarch Louis with the attentions he received, and with the superior manners of this lady, that on her visit to Paris after his restoration, she was actually honored with an audience at the Tuilleries.—Miss Page has not only, however, been thus favourably known to and respected by princes and nobles whose day has passed, and left her possessed of a store of anecdotes which cannot fail to amuse her present visitors ; but besides these, there were very many commercial travellers who used regularly to make the King's Arms, at Berkhamsted, their Sunday rendezvous. Many of them are now no more, have become heads of the houses for which they used to journey, or withdrawn from

business altogether, are enjoying their *otium cum dignitate*. This well managed inn, however, from the combination of the various circumstances which have been enumerated, became celebrated throughout this and the neighbouring counties, and "mine host" and "sweet Ann Page" were extensively known and universally respected by all classes of travellers.

In the present unexpected course of things, the town of Berkhamsted, it might be anticipated, would fall into complete decay: its posting business is *nearly* gone—the visits of commercial travellers are now "few and far between," and the stage-coaches and the bugle of the guard will probably but a very short time longer rouse the inhabitants at stated hours to "gaze upon the passengers with a curious eye," and bring profit to the inn-keepers. But luckily the town, although a sufferer from these changes of fortune, has, by the Railroad, been brought within one hour and a quarter of London, and unless we are mistaken, its pure air will render it a desirable suburb of the great metropolis, whilst its scenery and ruins are well calculated to attract and gratify the visitor for a day or two in the summer season—especially if the visit be extended to Ashridge Park and other picturesque scenery in its vicinity.

#### THE CASTLE.

This once important building was of an oval form and surrounded by a double ditch and ramparts of earth, which still

remain. The outer one forms an elevated promenade of about 1700 feet in circuit, and the sides of the ramparts having been recently planted with trees, an agreeable walk is formed, which extends round nearly the whole of the distance. The entire site, ditches included, measures about eleven acres. Within the second rampart are considerable remains of the Castle walls which were of great thickness, and now vary in height, even in their ruined and reduced condition, from 18 to 24 feet. They are overtopped and shrouded with a most luxuriant growth of ivy. The walls are formed of flints embedded in mortar, but do not retain any marks of ornaments. South-east of the area is a high artificial mount on which the "Keep" formerly stood. It is called, locally, the "Tower Hill" and measures about 40 feet in diameter on the top. A wall now overgrown with trees, shrubs and brambles, runs to its summit. On digging within the walls, two brick floors, or pavements, one a few feet under the other have been found, and the ruins of the gate, or entrance, still exist on the south side, upon the rampart close to the high road between the Castle and its new companion the Railway. The site of the Castle appears to have been well chosen, being the only high and dry ground in the immediate vicinity of the town, but yet it is worthy of remark, that like many others of ancient date, it is commanded by a hill at a very small distance from it, which seems to prove that the range of the machines used formerly in sieges was very limited.

The ancient history of this Castle may be found in "Grose's Antiquities," from which we have collected the scattered dates and condensed in a chronological form, the following interesting account of its various possessors from the year 697 to 1609, after which it appears to have fallen into decay.

A. D. 697.—In possession of the Mercian Kings. Withred, King of Kent and Mercia, here held a great council where divers laws printed in Chauney's History of Herts were enacted.

1066.—After the Battle of Hastings, William the Conqueror here halted for some days with his army, and received the oaths of allegiance of the British Lords and Nobles.

1206.—7th of John, who granted the Castle and honour of Berkhamsted to Geoffrey Fitzpiers, Earl of Essex.

1215.—16th John. The Castle and town again vested in the Crown, and Rannulph the German, appointed by the King to the custody thereof.

1216.—Louis the Dauphin of France invaded this realm, and laid siege to the Castle. The garrison taking advantage of the negligence of the besiegers, made two successful sallies, taking divers chariots and a Banner.

- 1218.—2d Henry III. Castle again in the Crown, and by that king given to his younger brother Richard, for his good services at the siege of Riolo, in France.
- 1300.—Reverted to the Crown on the death of Edmund, Earl of Cornwall, *founder of the College of Bonhones.*
- 1308.—1st Edward II., granted to Piers Gaveston, Earl of Cornwall, who, being executed, the Castle came again into the possession of the Crown.
- 1311.—4th Edward III., granted to John of Etham, Earl of Cornwall, 2nd son to Edward II., who died without issue, when it descended to Edward the Black Prince.
- 1388.—2nd Richard II. When Robert de Vear was advanced to the title of Duke of Ireland, he had liberty to reside in the Castle.
- 1400.—Henry of Monmouth, afterwards King Henry V., possessed the Castle, honour and town.
- 1422.—Henry of Windsor, eldest son of Edward V., was the possessor.

1454.—Edward of Westminster, eldest son of Henry of Windsor, was the possessor.

1461.—Henry IV., granted the stewardship the first year of his reign, to John, Lord Wenlock, one of his privy Counsellors. Richard the III., said to have been born here.

1560.—Queen Elizabeth demised the site, circuit and precincts to Sir Edward Carey, for a term of years, under the yearly rent of a *red rose*, payable to the Queen.

1609.—It descended to another Sir Edward Carey, successor of the above, and was afterwards annexed to the Dukedom of Cornwall, and appropriated to the Princes of Wales in succession.

On perambulating the outer rampart, we were struck with the appearance of an extra heap of earth and ruins, at what appeared to be three equally distant points, and on very carefully measuring the ground, as it now exists, with all the inequalities time and change have made upon it, we found that the distances between each mound, were respectively, 262, 264, and 310 yards; doubtless, these sites were the ancient towers of the outer rampart of the Castle, and originally equi-distant, or nearly so from each other, and the matter we deem the more worthy of

notice, not being aware that any previous visitors have left behind a record of the fact, or that any notice of it exists in the numerous volumes which have been devoted to the topography and antiquities of Hertfordshire.

### A VISIT TO BERKHAMSTED CASTLE.

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The pleasure-seeking tourist of our day,  
Here marks the labours of the olden time,  
And gazing on proud Berkhamsted's decay,  
Finds subjects not less solemn than sublime.  
Cemented flints their facings torn away,  
Of ruin tell, while smiling in its prime,  
The blooming ivy beautifies the scene,  
Embellishing grim walls with lively green.

It is a spot that aptly may be made  
The favorite theme of antiquarian lore,  
While sheltered by the elm's o'erhanging shade,  
We strive the fallen watch-towers to restore,  
And the strong keep that from yon hill displayed  
The flag which to the foe defiance bore,  
Seeming to tell, "Besieged we firm remain,  
Threaten ye may, but all your threats are vain."



Here tyrant Richard first beheld the light,  
As we from history and tradition learn,  
The joyous beauty and her steel-cased knight  
Trode on this ground, the gay, the grave in turn  
Who shone in courts, or conquered in the fight :  
Long since they shared the same sepulchral urn;  
And of the pageants ancient minstrels sung,  
No tale now lingers on the peasant's tongue.

Where are the nodding plumes, the glittering spear,  
The arquebus, the battle-axe, the bow ?  
All,—in such active use through many a year,  
Are with the hands that wielded them laid low,  
And “the last enemy” it would appear  
Has worked his own predicted overthrow :  
The dismal work of stopping human breath,  
Has been arrested by the hand of death.

Explore the double trench, and thoughtful race,  
The moat which all unheeded wanders round,  
The vanished portal, and the ample space  
Enclosed,—once guarded, by the high raised mound!  
How vividly we feel that in such place  
War's clarion erst was no unusual sound,  
But all its triumphs and defeats forgot,  
The *castle* becomes *garden* to a cot !

Trees are the only sentinels that now  
Are ranged where formerly stood armed men,  
Where awful care sat on the hero's brow,  
The housewife now pursues the straying hen,

Where thousand hearts fulfilling Knighthood's vow,  
Beat high for glory, issuing from his den,  
One champion now appears, man's friend and slave,  
A little cur most faithful and most brave.

He, when the stranger seeks his master's home,  
Impetuous to attack, his powers will strain,  
To scare th' intruder, seem with rage to foam,  
And soothed, or menaced with profound disdain,  
Regards th' unknown though from a lordly dome,  
And would do more than bark, but for his chain;  
*Pythagoras* in him, some chief of old,  
Would deem revived, unmoved by fear or gold.\*

Myriads of leaves on mound and "Tower Hill"—  
So called that hill, where once the Donjon rose,  
Tell of the waning year and Winter's chill,  
But in the cheerless time of frost and snows  
These vestiges are interesting still  
To him whose breast with reverend ardour glows,  
While ebbing life is felt receding fast,  
To read the by-gone glories of the past.

\* As the writer approached a cottage which stands within the area of the ruins, a small dog rushed from his kennel and intimated strong displeasure at the intruding freedom of a stranger. The latter by speech and gestures endeavoured to make peace with the animal, but in vain. Subsequently, being armed with a stick, one blow of which would have killed the dog, he raised it threateningly to awe him into silence. Even this failed; and the fearless guardian, without retreating a single step, continued his most zealous opposition.

## THE CHURCH

is dedicated to St. Peter, and consists of a square embattled tower having an octagonal staircase at the south-east angle and is adorned with four handsome gothic windows. The interior consists of a nave with two side aisles and two chapels or chantries: that on the south side is called the chapel of St. John. A number of inscriptions of ancient date are found in all parts of the church from which we first select as worthy of note two in the aforesaid chapel. They are in black letter cut in brass and placed upon the floor.

The first is as follows:—

“Here lyeth buried under thys stone the bodye of Robert Incent, Gentyelman, late serbant unto the noble princesse Ladye Cecyle, Dutchesse of Yorke, and mother unto the worthy King Edward the fourth and Richard the thirde, which said Robert Incent died of the grete Swetynge Sykenesse the first year of the reigne of King Henry the VII. upon whose soul, Jeshu have mercy.  
“Amen.”

Henry VII. began to reign in 1485, which fixes the date of the death of the above Robert Incent. On consulting “Lanquette’s Chronicles,” a curious black letter book published in the year 1560,

“in the house, late Thomas Barthelettes in Fleete Strete,”

we find four notices of the

“Grete sweatyng sicknessse,”

a malady, which at the time spread alarm far and wide, it being considered a scourge almost exclusively confined to Englishmen, whether at home or in Foreign Countries, as will be seen in the subjoined extracts from the Chronicles just mentioned.

A. D. 1485.—The sweatyng sicknessse beganne fyrst in England, of the whiche a wonderfull multitude died for lacke of good keeping.

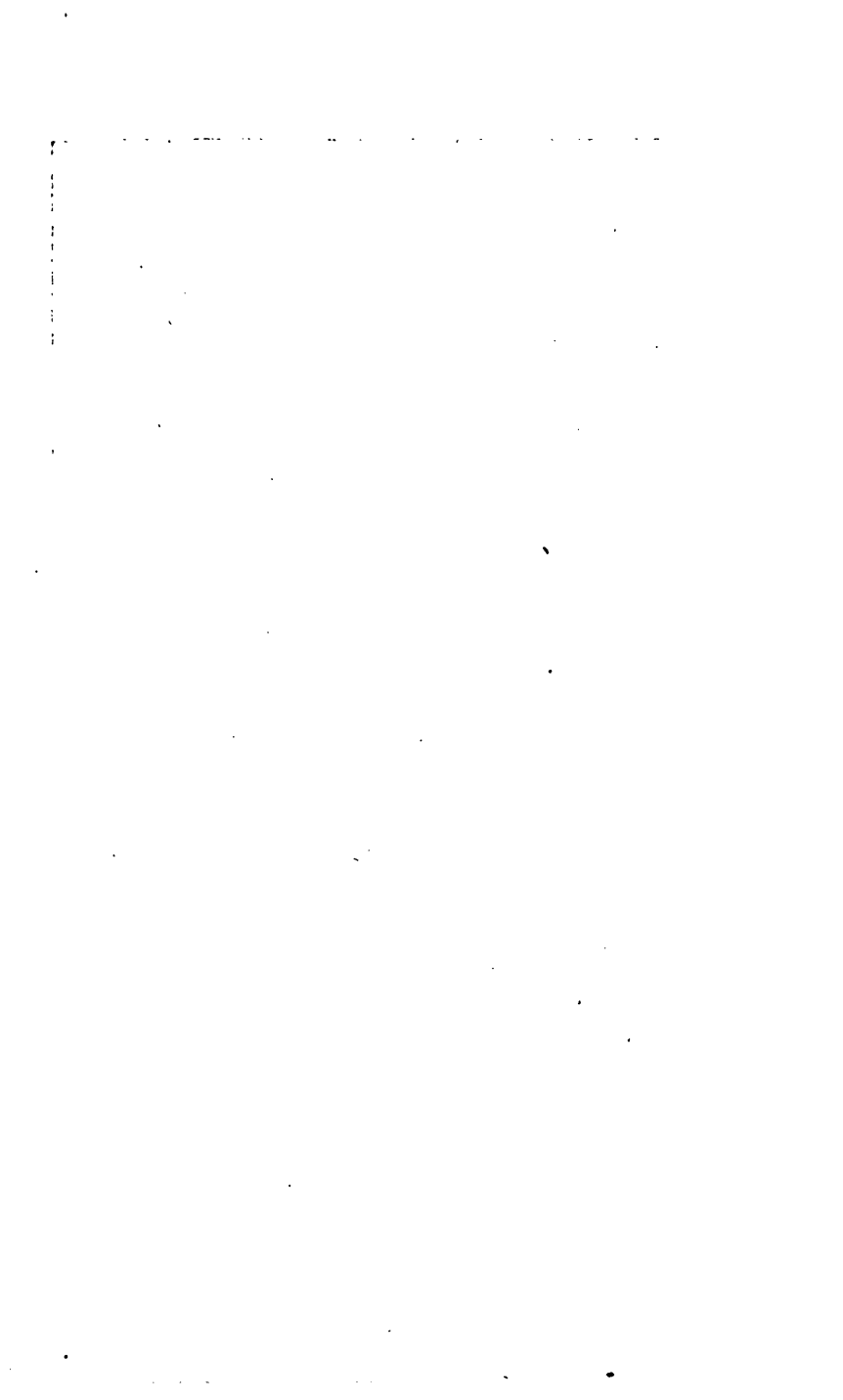
1528 —The sweatyng sicknessse raged in divers partes of Englande.

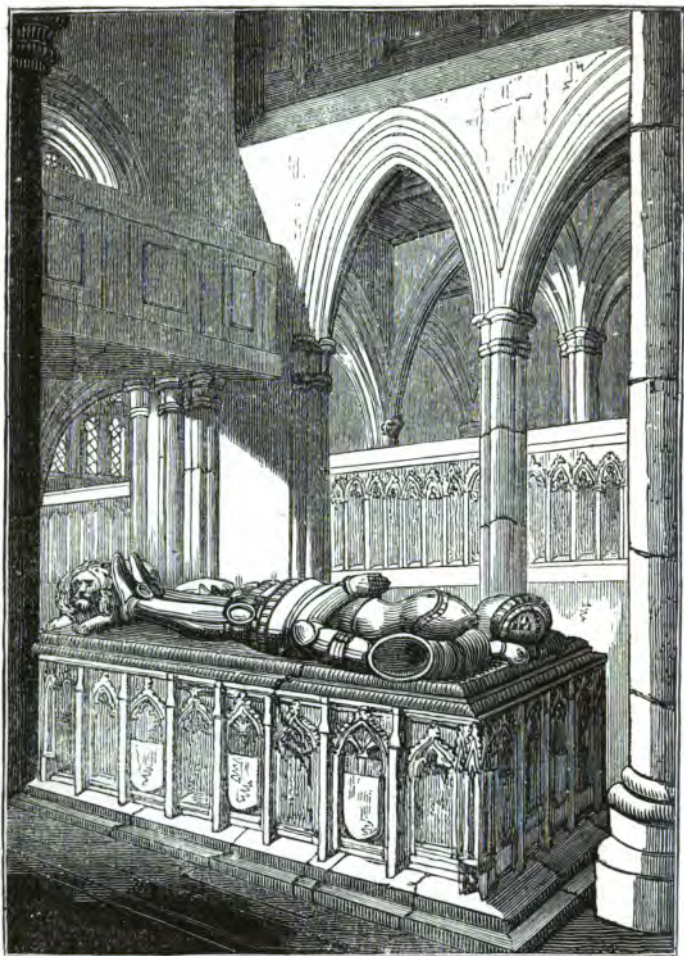
1530.—The sweatyng sicknessse beyed Brabante, and great part of Germania, whereof very many dyed, and especially in Antwerpe, where in three daies space, it consumed 6. hundred persons.

1552 —In Englande this summer was a very dangerous sweate, whereof a great number dyed within the space of a nyght or a daye after they were fyrst taken. The maner of this sweate was such, that

pf men vpd take coulde outwardlye, it stroke the sweate in, and immediately kylled theim. If they were kept very close, and with many cloathes, it stifled them, and dissolved nature. If they were suffered to sleape, commonly they sowned in their sleape, and so departed, or els immediately upon their wakinge. Before men had learned the maner of keeping, an infinite number perished. This disease followed Englishmen as well within the Realme, as also in straunge contreyes. Wherefore this nation was muche asorde of it, and for the tyme, beganne to repent and remember God from whom that plague might wel seme to be sent amonge us. But as the dysease in tyme relented so our deuotion also in shorte space decayed.

Hume says on this subject that this year (1485) "there raged at this time in London, and other parts of the kingdom, a species of malady unknown to any other ages or nation, *the sweating sickness*, which occasioned the sudden death of great multitudes; though it seemed not to be propagated by any contagious infection, but arose from the general disposition of the air and of the human body. In less than twenty-four hours, the patient commonly died or recovered; but when the pestilence had exerted its fury for a few weeks, it was observed, either from alterations in the air, or from a more proper regimen which had been discovered, to be considerably abated."





ANCIENT ALTAR TOMB IN BERKHAMSTED CHURCH.

The second inscription runs thus :—

“Here lyeth buried under thys stone the bodye of Katerpne, sumtyme the wyf of Robert Incent, Gent., father and mother unto John Incent, Doctor of the Lawe, who both done many benefits and ornaments giben unto this chapel of Saynt John, wyche said Katerpne died the ~~XX~~II daye of March, the ~~XXX~~ year of the reign of King Henry VIII.

Henry VIII. began to reign in 1509, and consequently, Catherine, the wife of the preceding Robert Incent, died in the year 1521, outliving her husband 36 years. It is worthy of remark, that neither of these inscriptions record the ages of the defunct, an omission seldom met with in the present day.

In the chapel on the opposite, or north side of the nave, is a monument of high antiquity, it not being known to whom it belonged.\* On an altar tomb, richly carved, are placed recumbent figures of a knight in armour, and on his right side that of a lady. His feet are supported by a Lion, and hers by a Dog, but from the circumstance of the shields, on the east end of the tomb, bearing the same arms as another monument in the aisle, with an inscription in brass to the memory of *Richard Torrington and Margaret his wife*; it is conjectured that they are members of the same family. The brass has outlived the stone, and informs us that of these worthy people (who are stated to have rendered great pecuniary services to the church),

\* See the Plate.



Richard died in 1336, and his wife in 1349. Nearly five centuries have rolled over their tombs, and yet the name of Torrington remains an honourable record of their charitable munificence!

There is still one other inscription in the chapel of St. John, to a monk, named "Edmundi Cook, qui obiit, 24 die, mensis Junii, A. D. 1409"—and on a label, issuing from the mouth of a figure, representing his effigy, "Jesu fili die miserere mei," "Jesus Son of God have mercy upon me," not an inappropriate prayer for a *monk*."

In the south-east corner of the church, in what has formerly been a chapel for Catholic worship, but subsequently taken possession of as a family cemetery—are two brass plates fixed on the wall—the first is to the memory of

"John Waterhouse, Gent., deceased the 11th day of August, in anno 1558, and Margaret, his wife, deceased the 10th daye of January, in annum dicto, which John and Margaret had issue, viz.—John, Thomas, William, Edward, Arthur and Charles,"—*five of these surnames being the names of Kings.*

The second is of later date.—

"Hereunder lieth interred the bodye of the worthy ladie, Dame Margaret Waterhouse, deceased, daughter of Thomas Spillman, of Chart, in the county of Kent, Esq., in memorie of whose vertues, and his dearest love, Sir Edward Waterhouse, Knight, hath caused this monument to be erected. Shee died the 6th day of July 1587, aged 38, and hee the 13th November, aged

55, and lies buried with his last wife, Dame Deborah, at the manor of Woodchurch in Kent."

In the vestry is a painting, representing the entrance to the Castle of Berkhamsted. It consists of a gateway, surmounted by a massive tower, and having a smaller tower on each side; on the latter, flags are displayed bearing the red cross.

BERKHAMSTED, ST. MARY'S,

otherwise called *Northchurch*, is a parish one mile from Berkhamsted, St. Peter's, on the road towards Tring. The church has been lately renovated. The altar is decorated with a modern painting of the Virgin and Child, after Vandyke, of no mean merit, and another object of interest, is a curiously and elaborately carved "old Oak Chest" which would furnish a model for sculptors of the present day. In the church-yard is a simple inscription—to the memory of

PETER,

THE WILD BOY,

1785.

whose history is enlarged upon in a brass tablet, placed on the eastern wall within the church, and perpetuates his singular fate as follows:—His likeness is also engraved above the inscription.

"To the memory of Peter, called the wild boy, who being found wild in the forest of Hertswald near Hanover, in the year

1725 ; he was then supposed to be about twelve years old. In the following year he was brought to England by order of Queen Caroline, and the ablest masters were provided for him, but proving incapable of speaking, or of receiving any instruction, a comfortable provision was made for him by her majesty at a farm-house in this parish, where he continued to the end of his inoffensive life.—He died on the 22nd of February 1785, supposed to be aged 72.”

At the King's Arms, at Berkhamsted, there is a portrait of this remarkable individual, towards whom public curiosity was once most powerfully attracted. He was found in the woods by King George the first, afterwards brought to England, and a residence assigned to him at a farm-house kept by a Mr. Fenn, in this neighbourhood, where he lived many years.

The dogs found the wandering human being, and pursued him as they would the game they were originally sent to hunt. He was naked, with the exception of part of a shirt collar round his neck. To escape the hounds he fled with great trepidation, and finally took refuge in a hollow tree where he was ultimately secured.

Mr. Page, the respectable landlord of the King's Arms Inn, in which he has been established more than half a century, and who has now reached the age of ninety years, is perfectly conversant with the history of Peter, to whom he was well known. He confirms the general account given of him as to his habits, but controverts the statement that he never laughed. Much of

the time of this child of the woods seemed to pass in a mirthful mood. Though he could not speak in the common way, he succeeded in articulating a word or two. When asked "who was his father," a question which was often jocularly put to him for the sake of the answer which it was expected to elicit, he would reply in a guttural tone, "King George." It was attempted to make him work on the farm, but for this Peter had very little taste. At times when the labourers were loading a cart with farm produce, he would "lend a hand" and do as well as the other men. He, however, required constant superintendence. On one occasion, being left to himself to cart a load of manure, he set about the work with active industry, but having filled the cart, he jumped into it and proceeded to unload it. He would fetch the cows home, but sometimes when told to do so, he would refuse by shaking his head and making a low grumbling noise. His disinclination to work, however, Mr. Page states, has in some instances been very speedily removed, by the exhibition of a whip, which it may thence be inferred, though he was never treated with severity, had occasionally come in contact with his person. He would drink beer or ale, and liquors, especially gin, with great eagerness, and testify his approbation of such a treat by clapping his hands.

For the other sex he manifested no partiality. He would run after children, not in anger, but in order to caress them. Indeed, as stated in the tablet above transcribed, his was truly an inoffensive life. His strange demeanor might offend, but he

attempted to harm no one. Anything like chastisement, seemed to alarm, rather than to irritate.

Peter could not be taught good manners. The polite observances of a country village were too much for him. Whoever might be in the parlour of the King's Arms, Peter without troubling himself to knock at the door, would burst in without ceremony. Nor was it only at the Inn that he acted thus. Any private house in the town that he felt inclined to enter, he would invade in the same abrupt manuer.

He was, for the most part, pretty well watched by those to whose care he had been confided. From Government they received an allowance of thirty-five pounds per annum, this perhaps for a human being of his habits, was, looking at the then price of the necessaries of life, and the low rents, as much as seventy pounds per annum would be now. When he entered a house where company was assembled, it was usual for some one who knew him to caution strangers against being alarmed, as the intruder was perfectly harmless. He loved finery, and would seem much pleased with a lady's gay attire, down which he would pass his hand with evident admiration. A shewy coat in like manner, attracted his notice, and bright buttons found especial favour in his eyes. He frequently testified the warmth of his approbation by the legitimate and civilized mode of expressing applause, as it is considered in some cases, of clapping his hands. This act he resorted to, not merely when any object pleased his eye, but anything soothed his mind, such as it was.

In his situation no very remarkable adventure could be expected to disturb "the even tenor of his way," but one incident occurred which is worth recalling. On some occasion he happened to elude the observation of his friends or keepers, and strayed away. Every search which humane anxiety could suggest was made for the wanderer, but in vain. Those who were acquainted with the harmless incapacity of Peter, little dreamed what had befallen him. Having got into Norfolk, he had actually been apprehended as a spy, in the interest of the Pretender. His bushy beard, and generally his uncouth appearance, had caused it to be supposed that he was a foreigner, and his inability to speak, was clearly construed into a singular instance of cunning which thus aimed at guarding against the possibility of its being known to what country the prisoner belonged. The suspicious circumstances under which he had been taken up, were advertised in "the Hue and Cry" with a description of his person and manner, and these led to his being discovered by those who were seeking him. It was fortunate for him that this happened soon, for the treatment the poor creature received as a suspected spy, was so different to that to which he had been accustomed, that it threw him into a state of the most profound melancholy, and he obstinately refused food. When the person sent to effect his release, entered the place of his confinement the unfortunate testified the comfort he derived from recognising a face that he had known before, by clapping his hands with joyful vivacity. One night while he was detained, a fire

broke out. He was anxiously sought for, and when found, was sitting quietly in a corner, enjoying the light and warmth very much, and not at all frightened.

Peter lived in the reigns of George the first, George the second, and George the third. In the time of this last named monarch, and not very long before Peter's death, "the wild boy," as he was still called, was by royal command taken to Court. Nothing is reported of his visit there, save that he himself seemed gratified by what he saw.—Before taking him there, however, he was dealt with in a way well calculated to disappoint the curiosity which called him to the presence of the Great. He was shaved, and dressed in the livery of the King's servants. In this disguise it could hardly be said that the Court had an opportunity of seeing "Peter the Wild Boy."

To the last, the habits of his wild companions of the forest were those which he preferred. When drinking, to him it was more convenient to fall on his knees, and lap from a vessel placed on the ground, than to raise what he was to take to his lips. Though he was supposed to understand the words commonly addressed to him, his capacity in this way was extremely limited. It need hardly be added, that no religious impression could be made on a being like Peter. When sickness came over him, he so far resembled the rest of mankind, as to exhibit depression of spirits and distaste for food. He died after having been redeemed from the woods threescore years. His funeral was by order, similar to that of a respectable tradesman. Mr.

Page, from whom many of the facts here collected have been obtained, was one of the pall-bearers, the only one now alive.

Sometime after the interment, a person came to Berkhamsted who represented himself to have journeyed from Hanover, and was desirous of having the corpse exhumed, application was made to the minister, who refused permission to disturb the remains. The stranger mentioned a high price, which he said he would have given for the head of the deceased, and it was shrewdly suspected that he did not depart till the object of his coming had been accomplished. By some it was supposed, that the application was connected with an attempt to identify the deceased. Considering that sixty years had passed since he was taken in the woods, during all which long period much better opportunities were constantly offered for satisfying such an enquiry, than would be offered by possessing the corpse, this conjecture must be admitted as very improbable. It would be much more reasonable to suppose, that the head was wanted to assist the early enquiries of the Phrenologists, whose doctrines then began to attract great attention in Germany.

With respect to his birth and parentage, nothing has yet transpired. It was reported that a widower of Inchtinger had had a dumb child who, having been lost in the woods in 1723, returned home again; but on his father's second marriage, was driven out again by his step-mother. At the time he was found, he must have been for a long time an inhabitant of the woods. The fishermen of the Weser, had seen at different



points on the banks of the river, a poor naked boy, and had given him something to eat. He had not been heard to speak, and when Peter was discovered, was supposed to be the same.

We find the preceding account of Peter, in all its main particulars, corroborated in various works. There was a peculiarity in the formation of his left hand—two of the fingers being united by a web up to the middle joint. It was in the Bridewell of the city of Norwich that Peter was confined when he strayed away—having doubtless gone, in one of his walks, beyond the bounds of his knowledge—and in the House of Correction, of that place, he was punished as a “sturdy” vagrant. There is a long notice of him in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for May 1785, and in Vol. 55, of the same work, written by Lord Monboddo, who paid him a visit in his retreat in Hertfordshire.

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## ASHRIDGE.



THE seat of the Bridgewater family being situated two miles from this place amidst scenery of the most interesting character, we annex the following account of it for which we are chiefly indebted to Hughson.

Ashridge Abbey is situated in the parish of Pitston, in Bucks. "The house of Bonehomes, called Assecherugge," says Leland, "of the foundation of Edmund, Earl of Cornwall, is two miles off Berkhamsted, and there the King lodged." Norden described Ashridge as a royal palace, "wherein our most worthy and ever famous Queene Elizabeth lodged as in her owne, being then a more statelie house, at the time of Wyatt's attempte in Queene Marye's dayes." In 1554, Elizabeth, being now

become the public and avowed object of Mary's aversion, and being openly treated with much disrespect and insult, thought it most prudent to leave the court and retire to her house at Ashridge. During this period she was accompanied by Sir Thomas Pope, and others, more as spies than attendants. Sir Thomas Wyatt's rebellion having broke out, to oppose the queen's match with Philip of Spain, it was immediately pretended that the princess Elizabeth, in conjunction with Lord Courtenay, afterwards Earl of Devon, was privately concerned in that dangerous conspiracy, and that they held conferences with the traitors. The princess was consequently summoned to court; and notwithstanding her governors sent word that she was ill in health, and unfit to travel, Sir Edward Hastings, Sir Thomas Cornwall, and Sir Edward Southwell, attended by a troop of horse, were ordered to bring her to London. They found her confined to her bed at Ashridge; but under pretence of the strictness of their commission, they compelled her to rise; and still continuing very weak and indisposed, she proceeded in the queen's litter by slow journeys, to London. After her release she changed her abode from this place for Hatfield, where she principally resided until she succeeded to the crown.

The Collegiate Church in which lay the remains of Lord Chief Justice Bryan, Sir Thomas and Sir John Denham, and other persons of distinction, was demolished in the reign of Elizabeth. The great hall and the cloisters, were entire in the

year 1800. The hall, had a rich Gothic roof, and pointed windows; and was enriched with fluted pillars on the sides. This beautiful specimen of ancient architecture, though to all appearance, in good repair, *was pulled down by the late Duke of Bridgewater, and the materials sold piece-meal*: the cloisters, which were to have shared the same fate, were standing in the year 1802, after the demolition of the other buildings, but had sustained considerable injury by the pulling down of the adjoining walls. The roof of the cloisters were of Totternhoe stone; wrought with various ornaments, which remained very entire. Among these occurred the arms of the founder, and those of the monastery (a holy lamb standing on the sepulchre and holding a banner). The side walls were ornamented with paintings in fresco, well designed, representing the history of Our Saviour (some parts of which serve to support a wall on the side of the high road at Tring, towards Aylesbury). Some of the figures had been well preserved, but most of them had sustained more or less injury from the damp. The *park* is five miles in circumference, and consists of hill and dale beautifully varied, covered with fine turf, and shaded with the finest trees of oak, beech, ash, &c. and has truly the striking features of an ancient majestic park. Within the old house, were many fine family portraits, but no strangers are at present allowed to view them.

## TRING.

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FROM the station at Pendley which is one of the ancient manors belonging to the district of Tring, the traveller finds his way to the town by a tortuous road nearly two miles in extent \* ; on entering Tring on the left, through an opening formed by a broad avenue of noble trees, the mansion belonging to Mr. Kay (at present in the occupation of Mr. Hankey, the Banker), is discovered. The house is less remarkable for architectural beauty than for the place it occupies in history ; the site having been chosen by Charles II. as a residence for one of his favorites, the celebrated Nell Gwynn. The present mansion was erected by Sir Christopher Wren. The park, however, in which it

\* The Tring people are determined not to be behind the age. A new road is already marked out from the town to the Railway in a straight line of a mile and a half in length.

stands is a truly magnificent sample of that woodland scenery for which England boasts pre-eminence over all other countries. If the traveller chooses the chief inn—the Rose and Crown—for his sojourn, we recommend him to lose no time in ascending an eminence towards the south-west behind the inn, (called Stubbing's Wood) and he will make the agreeable discovery, that a town placed apparently in a flat and uninteresting situation, is in reality surrounded on all sides by the picturesque. The extensive view from this point, embraces at one *coup d'œil*, those objects which he may afterwards visit in detail, or at least all those within the circle we prescribe to ourselves. The town, embosomed in a profusion of forest trees, amongst which the graceful Beech and the majestic Chestnut predominate—the reservoirs for supplying the Grand Junction Canal in times of drought—the hill of Ivinghoe, high and bleak—the column at Aldbury, erected by the Countess of Bridgewater—Leighton Buzzard Church in the neighbouring county of Bedford, distant nine miles—and finally the chalky line of the Railroad sweeping off to the westward, the noble innovation of art among the grander works of nature. It may not be amiss to introduce here a few words for the antiquarian. Tring was a place of great note when king Alfred divided this country into hundreds, and from the ancient name of "*Treung*," the present corruption of TRING is derived. It bore the former name when the Norman Conqueror\*, came amongst us "at

\* The curfew is still rung at Tring during the winter months.

which time there were two mills on the stream rented at nine shillings per year each." In 1148, king Stephen founded the church of Feversham in Kent, and gave to the abbot and monks thereof, the manor of Tring in *perpetual* alms (doubtless not then dreaming of Henry VIII.) to pray for the souls of Maude his queen and all faithful people. King Edward II., in the ninth year of his reign granted to the said abbot of Feversham, and *the monks in the manor of Tring*, a market to be held on Friday which is still kept on that day. This manor was held by the abbots of Tring, until the ruthless mind of Henry VIII., willed its dissolution—when it shared the fate of all the monastic establishments in the country and became the property of the crown.

#### THE CHURCH.

We have seldom seen a temple dedicated to Christian worship, in a Provincial town, of such large dimensions; whilst it is one of the number still seen, whose gothic columns and arches, have not yet been ruined by the adoption of that modern innovation called "Galleries." The walls are remarkably scanty in Monuments, but within the precincts of the Altar is a splendid effort of sculpture, to the memory of Sir William Gore, Knight and Alderman of London, and his Lady. The Rectory of Tring belongs to the Dean and Chapter of Christ Church, Oxford, who are obliged to find a Curate to officiate at Tring, Wigginton and Long Marston (the present stipend

we understand, is only one hundred and fifty pounds per annum). The church is in the Deanery of Berkhamsted—diocese of Lincoln, and has a ring of six bells. There are ancient slabs within the chancel, dated 1639, 1653 and 1658; and a coat of arms of the Lake family, in ancient glass, in the north window, quarterly four crescents,—*or* and *azure* counter-changed. The building is of free stone, very *appropriately* covered with stucco—equivalent in our estimation to silvering gold. The parish of Wigginton is upon the high ground to the eastward of Tring park, and the inhabitants possess very extensive pasturage rights—the “Common” extending nearly five miles in a direct line, as far as Chesham, in the neighbouring county of Bucks.

The church is dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, and the internal part was repaired and beautified in the year 1714, at the sole expense of the above mentioned Gore, who then occupied the mansion in Tring Park. He died in 1707, and his Lady 1705.

One of the branches of the river Thames rises on the south east, in this parish, from two separate springs—one called Dundell Head, and the other Bulborne Head, and then runs by Box-Moor into Oxfordshire.

The town of Tring is seated upon the Ikenild Street, one of the four Roman Consular ways, constructed by the Romans, during their possession of this country for the passage of their armies, &c.; it may not be amiss to enumerate them here :—



The "Foss-way," extended *from Totness in Devonshire to Caithness in Scotland.*

The "Ermin Street," or "Hermin Street," ran *from St. David's to Southampton*, having several smaller roads branching from it, called "vicinal ways."

The "Watling Street" where perfect, is still one of the finest causeways in England. *It commences at Dover, and ends at Cardigan, in South Wales*, running through St. Alban's, Dunstable, Towcester, Atherstone and Shrewsbury.

The "Ikenild Street" extended from Yarmouth in Norfolk, the eastern part of the kingdom of the Iceni (from whom it derived its name), to Barley in Hertfordshire, giving in its course, name to several villages, as *Ickworth, Icklingham, and Ickleton*. From Barley to Royston, in Cambridgeshire, it divides the counties of Cambridge and Hertford. From Ickleford it runs to TRING, crosses Buckinghamshire and Oxfordshire, passes the Thames at Goring, and extends to the western part of England.

Whilst these historical details are fresh in the mind of the traveller, if he walk to the western extremity of the town, he will observe on the right hand, in a large garden enclosed by a wall, a building formed of brick and ribbed with oak, bearing unequivocal marks of age—this is no other than the *Monastery of Tring*—although now converted into the residence of a farmer, and used in this present nineteenth century as a lodging house for travellers of the working class, in which there were at

the period of our visit, at least one hundred persons congregated—chiefly Railway labourers, appropriately enjoying their home-brewed ale in the very kitchen of the monks. The Dormitories and Cells may be visited by permission of the tenant. In the former there are some remains of carvings which seem originally to have represented something of the “pomp of heraldry,” probably in commemoration of some gift or bequest which a pious life or death-bed penitence had bestowed. The chambers were lofty and vaulted, and even in decay, inspire an interest somewhat akin to awe. It has been found convenient in late years, probably, while the building was occupied as a workhouse to “curtail the fair proportions” of the Hall, by introducing a new floor and ceiling, and the apartment thus gained between the new floor and the original roof, is now used as a tap by the *Bankers*, as the excavators are called, who now lodge in a part of the old Priory. The kitchen has had its dimensions abated, but the original fire-place remains. What was the chapel, or part of it, is at present occupied as a stable. We in vain look for the original form of the windows of the refectory or principal Hall, as the assaults of Time had made it necessary to repair the external wall when the old window was taken out. On renewing the floor of one of the apartments, the present occupier found that a considerable number of human bodies had been there deposited. Whether the sepulchral vault of the religious establishment formerly existed on that spot, or whether the bones thus unexpectedly discovered, were the

remains of victims to those crimes which history assures us were but too frequently perpetrated in the ancient monasteries, can now be only matter of conjecture. They have been left undisturbed in their resting place. The present occupant, Mr. Beal, an intelligent farmer, and his fair consort, cheerfully show to the curious visitor, all that is most remarkable in their ancient dwelling and obligingly give every information in their power. A votary of the Muses who lately called on them, furnished us with the following Stanzas which were suggested by what he saw and heard there.

### TRING PRIORY.

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The world goes round, I see it here.  
For yonder venerable pile—  
Where lazy monks breathed vows austere,  
Is now the scene of cheerful toil.  
No more the sternly thundered doom,  
Turns the offending brother pale,  
But song and chorus in its room,  
Aid mirth, inspired by home-brew'd ale.

O ! if some potent pencil drew,  
 The beings formed of flesh and blood,  
 Once here, and bade them meet our view,  
 With beads and crosses, cowl and hood !  
 How vast the contrast their bold face,  
 Affecting commerce with the sky,  
 Would give to those who now their place,  
 So unpresumptingly supply.

Here rose to Heaven the matin hymn,  
 And here was heard the vesper song,  
 Here was indulged each sainted whim,  
 Which seemed devotion to prolong,  
 Not that indeed these holy folks,  
 Through all their pilgrimage on earth,  
 Unceasing warfare made on jokes,  
 Or revelry or madd'ning mirth.

'Twas theirs the veil o'er others' eyes,  
 To bind with no unskilful hand,  
 To give,—their dupes—a Heavenly prize ;  
 Themselves,—the fatness of the land.  
 They loved a well-provided board,  
 Which might the richest dainties boast,  
 The wine and Ippocras they pour'd,  
 And beauty was their favoured toast.

✓  
Some bosoms to devotion true  
Here fled from all earth's cares and pride,  
Anxious His footsteps to pursue,  
Who for their sins on Calvary died,  
For them the pealing organ's note,  
The solemn requiem soft and clear,  
Seem'd on the evening breeze to float,  
Celestial sounds to mortal ear.

But these were rare and could that hall,  
Where monks communed tell all it saw;  
The worshipper it might appal,  
Nay thrill the infidel with awe.  
For frightful orgies it may be  
Within these walls were acted o'er,  
When those whose mouldering bones I see,  
Were hid beneath the ancient floor.

Such was alas! too sure the case  
In priories of other days,  
Murder and riot filled the place  
Erected but for prayer and praise.  
And he who should have watched the fold  
To keep the wolf from coming near,  
Betrayed for worldly joys or gold,  
A trust so sacred and so dear.

Strange changes mark the flight of time :

Three centuries since men wondering saw,  
The old abodes of cant and crime,  
Abolished by a despot's Law.  
Heaven with base instruments works good,  
A pregnant instance we have there ;  
The wretch who shed a consort's blood,  
Made tyrant priests and monks despair.

And thus perhaps it was that 'Tring,  
Though at the time it zealots shocked,  
Was cleansed by a ferocious king  
From knaves who truth and virtue mocked.  
We ask not who successive pass'd  
Next occupants—of this secure,  
The fabric we behold, at last,  
Came "Heaven directed to the Poor."

Now Industry on every part,  
Its hand has laid in manly strife,  
To render each with rustic art  
Appropriate to humble life.  
Where monks sung, those who guide the plough,  
For pipes instead of anthems call,  
And in the Chapel—stable now,  
A horse enjoys the only *stall*.

A short walk on the north side of the town leads to the extensive Mills belonging to Messrs. Evans & Co., of London, for converting raw silk into Organzine. About five hundred hands, chiefly females, are at present engaged, but the mills are capable of giving employment to seven hundred persons. At the junction of the road on which this establishment is situated, the ancient Ikenild way is crossed, running east and west, and beyond are the numerous and capacious reservoirs (the delight of the followers of Isaak Walton) for the supply of the Grand Junction Canal. This is what is called the "Tring summit." The reservoirs are fed by the land springs, and a steam engine is employed for lifting the water thence into the canal. Here, also, is one of the highest points of the whole line of the Railroad, except at Kilsby in Northamptonshire, seventy-five miles from London, and as we deem "all knowledge is useful," especially Railroad knowledge, we have annexed to our map a section of the levels and *inclinations of the whole line*. It may not be thought foreign to the subject-matter of these sketches, and especially as the Grand Junction Canal accompanies the Railroad the greater part of its course, to introduce here its history in brief. The act for the formation of this Canal was obtained in the year 1792. In 1795 it was opened as far as Brentford where it joins the Thames. The whole line from Paddington to Braunston in Northamptonshire, was completed in March 1805. Its entire length, including the branches to Uxbridge and Wendover, is one hundred and

thirty-six miles, and at Braunston it joins the Oxford navigation. From London to Braunston the distance is one hundred and one miles, and there are (by a singular coincidence) one hundred and one locks. The cost was £1,600,000, raised by shares of £100 each, now worth £207 per share.

We have now to speak of the PARK which consists of between three and four hundred Acres ranging on the south eastern side of the town, and we invite the traveller who has a relish for the picturesque, to spend a few hours amongst its splendid woods, its mossy slopes and glades. By a slight stretch of imagination he may recall the figure of the luxurious monarch Charles crossing the grounds by stealth and watching for the signal (a flag) which it is said his favorite Nell Gwynn used always to exhibit from a conspicuous part of the house, when she was "at home." In those by-gone times when roads were strangers to Macadamization, we may guess that a journey from the Metropolis on horseback was not so much an every day affair as to supersede the necessity of precautions being taken to make it agreeable. Tring park therefore, whether for its natural beauties or for its historical recollections, must always be visited with interest by the individual who finds pleasure in such realities.

The manor of Tring in recent days, came by purchase from Mr. Guy to Sir Wm. Gore (whose monument in the chancel of the church we have already referred to) who paid the quit rents to Queen Catherine, consort of Charles II. as part of her dowry during her life. The son of Sir William laid out the



park, which remained in the Gore family a considerable time, when it was purchased of the last representative by Drummond Smith Esq. who, in the year 1804 was created a Baronet. It next came by purchase to its present possessor, Mr. Kay.

Three hundred acres of the Park are on the Chiltern—the hills which nearly divide the County of Bucks, and run from Tring towards Ivinghoe. They were formerly covered with beech to such a degree, as to be a constant harbour for thieves, which induced Leoffstan, Abbot of St. Albans, to cause the trees to be levelled and thereby destroyed the nuisance. These hills reach from Bedfordshire to Oxfordshire, and form part of the great chain from Norfolk to Dorchester in the latter county.

We conclude this chapter with relating, as we find it in "Hughson's Perambulations," an account of a most extraordinary affair, highly illustrative of the ignorance and credulity of the last century, which happened in this place in the year 1751. Some country people were possessed of an opinion, that an old man and woman of that town, John and Ruth Osborne, were *witches*, on account of several cattle dying of a contagion which then raged: great numbers of them assembled, some on horseback, and others on foot, and went and had them proclaimed as such, in three different market towns. These unfortunate people were afterwards dragged from the vestry of the church, where they had been concealed, and so severely ducked, that the woman died on the spot, and the man a few days afterwards. Several persons were committed to custody

on the verdict of the Coroner's jury; and one Thomas Colley (who, though a principal actor in this horrid affair, was prompted by others, and by the liquor which he had drank), was tried at the ensuing assizes for Hertfordshire, and capitally convicted. It came out at the trial that, on the 18th of April 1751, one Nichols came to William Dell, the crier of Hemel Hempstead, and gave him a piece of paper, with four-pence, that he might cry the words written thereon, in the market place. The words were these: "*This is to give notice, that on Monday next a man and woman are to be publicly ducked at Tring in this County, for their wicked crimes.*"

The overseer of the parish, where these people lived, having heard this cried at Winslow, Leighton Buzzard, and Hemel Hempstead, on the several market days, and being informed that the two people were John Osborne and Ruth his wife, he sent them to the workhouse for safety. The master of the workhouse, to make still more secure, removed them, in the middle of the night of the 21st, into the vestry-room of the church, thinking the sanctity of the place would have some awe upon the mob, if they came. However, on the day appointed, more than *five thousand* people were collected together at Tring, declaring revenge against Osborne and his wife as a wizard and witch: they pulled down a large wall belonging to the workhouse—the ancient priory—and demolished the windows and window frames. The master of the workhouse assured them they were not there; the mob would not believe

him, but rushed in and searched the house, the closets, and even the boxes and trunks. They declared they would pull the house down if the victims were not produced, and some proposed setting fire to it; at last they all swore, that, if Osborne and his wife were not delivered to them, they would not only burn the workhouse, but the whole town of Tring. The master being apprehensive that they would do as they had promised, at length informed them where the unhappy people were. The mob now went off in triumph, with Colley at their head. As soon as the mob entered the vestry-room, they seized Osborne and his wife, and carried them to a place called Gubblecote, about two miles off, where not finding a pond to their purpose, they carried them to Wilston Green, and put them into separate rooms in a house there; they stripped them naked, and tied them up separately in a sheet, but first they crossed the man's legs and arms, *and bent his body so as to tie his thumbs to his great toes.*

When they came to the pond, called Wilston Wear, a rope was tied under the armpits of Ruth Osborne, and two men dragged her into the pond, and through it, and Colley went into the pond, and turned her several times over and over with a stick. After they had ducked the woman, they brought her to land, and then dragged the old man in, and ducked him. Then he was set aside, and the woman ducked again as before, and Colley made the same use of his stick. Then the old man was ducked again. After which the woman was a third time ducked; and Colley went into the pond and pulled her about

until the sheet wherein she was wrapped came off, and she appeared naked. She expired soon afterwards. Colley then came out of the pond, and went round collecting money for the sport he had shewn them in ducking the old witch as he called her. After the woman was dead, the mob carried John Osborne to a house, put him to bed, *and laid his dead wife by his side*. Ruth Osborne was seventy years of age; John was fifty-six. In consequence of these circumstances of cruelty, Colley was ordered for immediate execution, and his body was afterwards hung in chains at Gubblecote, in the parish of Tring, three miles off.

Another instance of credulity and superstition occurred in this neighbourhood in the year 1759. At Wingrove, one Susannah Hannokes, an elderly woman, was accused by her neighbour of being a witch; for that she had *bewitched her spinning wheel*, so that she could not make it go round, and offered to make oath of it before a magistrate; on which the husband of the poor woman, in order to justify his wife, insisted upon HER BEING TRIED BY THE CHURCH BIBLE, and that the accuser should be present: she was conducted by her husband to the ordeal, attended by a great concourse of people, who flocked to the parish church to see the ceremony, where she was stripped of her clothes to her shift and under petticoat, and WEIGHED AGAINST THE BIBLE! when to the no small mortification of her accuser, SHE OUTWEIGHED IT, AND WAS HONOURABLY ACQUITTED of the charge. This account appeared in the "London Chronicle" February 27, 1759.

## IVINGHOE.

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THE cross roads in this district which are some of the most untractable we have seen in all our perambulations are at length destined to undergo a change. We may imagine that instead of, as now, being obliged to visit this interesting little town by way of Tring, or to walk along the chalky banks of the Railroad for a mile and a half in a direction parallel, instead of in a straight line, to the point of destination, that a direct road will be cut to Pendley, by which, more than a mile of the distance will be saved. It was by no means a common sight, however, to witness the progress of the work on this part of the line, where there is not less than two miles of cutting in the chalk—so deep that mechanical means of a novel character have been

resorted to for the raising of the soil to the surface. These means consist in the employment of horses to drag the workmen and their wheelbarrows of chalk *up* an inclined plane at an angle of not less than forty-five degrees, the operation from the bottom to the surface (a space of sixty to seventy feet) occupying but a few seconds of time, the workman and vehicle being assisted in their still more rapid descent by the backing of the horses and keeping the cable, which passes over a windlass, tolerably tight. From the new Bridge over the direct Road from Tring to Ivinghoe, the view of this cutting, spreading east and west, and lost in distance, almost amounts to the sublime. We recommend a pause of a few minutes on the spot to all who can admire and appreciate the results of labour by man in congregated numbers. We imagine that at the period of our visit, there were upwards of one thousand men employed on the two miles of "cutting" to which we now direct attention.

The approach to Ivinghoe is marked by scenery of no mean character. On the north is the Hill (part of the range called the Chiltern Hills) of Ivinghoe, and in the distance on a ridge of the same bleak aspect, rich in stone quarries, is *Totternhoe*, one and a half miles from Dunstable; locally these bleak hills are called "downs." Totternhoe is remarkable for a Roman fortification called the "Castle" overlooking the village of Stowbridge in the neighbouring county of Bedford. On the north west the valley sweeps away for ten or twelve miles

interspersed by the waters of the canal, an artificial although always delightful adjunct to valley scenery. The spire of Leighton church, in clear sunshine, will rather invite than repel the inclination to explore its unknown vicinity. At the distance of a mile from Ivinghoe its church may be brought into a line with that of Pitstone, which stands in the sequestered vale with the simple accompaniments of a farm-house and a few trees. It occurred to us indeed, that the inhabitants of this thinly populated district, must be almost lost by division on Sundays between the two churches of Ivinghoe and Pitstone. The reader will observe that he is now in the County of Buckingham.

*Ivinghoe* can boast at present but of one Inn, the King's Head, the painting of which would *not* do honor to the Royal Academy. It has a market on Saturdays, granted in 1318 by the Bishop of Winchester, but which has long been so small as to be almost nominal. Situated between two main roads, and consequently being little visited, it has a primitive air, and its dimensions are too small to admit of its association in the mind as a "town," but such it is, and a market town also. In the "olden time" one may imagine that it grew into importance from its being placed on the "Ikenild way," which is still one of the high roads of the vicinity, about two furlongs from the town. The "Manor" was given by Edward the Confessor to the see of Winchester. If our reader is a pedestrian, he may obtain one of the finest views in England from the summit

of the hill, or in the contrary case, we will endeavour to entertain him with less fatigue by a visit to

THE CHURCH.



In the centre of the middle aisle, stood, until modern times a set of ancient pews of oak, embellished with grotesque carvings representing objects, which, we may presume, have little to do with Christian worship—mermaids, dolphins and other “queer fish.” These pews are now placed in the the side aisles to make room for modern accommodations of the same character. On the floor in front of the baptismal font, the Parish Clerk, pointed out to us, the most ancient inscription at present existing in the church, to the memory of one

“Rauf Folly Wolle, morust le m d’Mai l’an d’ gr.  
M,CCC,XXXIX.

Et Jane sa feme died le vintisme jour de l’an d’ gr.  
M,CCC,XX gisent ici, Dieu de leur Almes fit mercy.”

Which may be thus rendered:—

“Ralph Folly Wolle, died the 10th day of May, in the year of Grace 1349, And Jane his wife, died the 20th day of January, in the year of Grace, 1260: God have mercy on their souls.”



On the north side of the chancel is an ancient altar tomb with an effigy of the defunct, said to be that of Henry de Blois, Bishop of Winchester, and brother of king Stephen. It is of stone and in tolerably good preservation. From the history of this Prelate, it will be learned that there is the strongest probability of the traditionary account of the tomb being perfectly accurate. Besides, we may add, that at Mursley, in Bucks, five miles from Ivinghoe, (near Winslow,) was a monastery which in 1802 was almost entire (and the remains of which may still be seen), founded by this Henry de Blois, which favors the probability of his resting place being that which tradition has assigned it; and he is said to have had his residence in this parish at Berrystead, now a farm-house on the Bridgewater estate.

This Bishop we find from a reference to history, was one of the most turbulent and ambitious prelates of his day. He was the youngest son of Stephen, Earl of Blois, by Adela, the daughter of William the Conqueror. During the reign of Henry the first, the eldest son of the Earl, being sent into England gained the good graces of that monarch, who, not content with conferring honours on his nephew Stephen, sent for his younger brother Henry, then a monk in the monastery of Clugni, who, on reaching this country, was made by him first Abbot of Glastonbury, and afterwards Bishop of Winchester. By this bounty it would seem, the king hoped to strengthen his daughter Matilda, to whom he wished his crown should

descend. The gratitude of his nephews did not produce the desired effect. Though Stephen was the first to swear fealty to the princess, no sooner was the king on his death bed, than the brothers, unmindful of the wishes of their royal benefactor, opposed her interest. Stephen claimed the throne, and his brother Henry having prevailed on the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Salisbury to favour his views, on the 22nd of December 1135, (or according to Rapin, December 26, 1136,) he became King of England.

But the Bishops, through whom he gained his advancement, in consequence of his severely exacting obedience to the law, from them and their adherents, soon became the enemies of his power. He insisted upon their giving up their castles, and the Bishop of Winchester then distinguished himself by the bold opposition which he offered to his king. He had been made legate to the Pope and invested with that dignity, considered himself to be an ecclesiastical sovereign, and as such entitled to exercise power not less extensive than that which belonged to the civil monarch of the realm, and he therefore determined to vindicate the privileges of the church, which in his judgment, Stephen had violated. With this view, he called a synod at Westminster, before which he arraigned the impiety of Stephen, who had proceeded to punish the dignitaries of the clergy without waiting for the sentence of a spiritual court. He exhorted the prelates vigorously to assert their privileges, and induced the synod to send a summons to the king, calling

upon him to appear before them to vindicate his measures. Stephen, in consequence, sent Aubrey de Vere to plead his cause, who, in doing so, charged the leading prelates with treason. The synod refused to listen to this, unless the castles, of which they had been dispossessed by the king, were first restored. The Bishop of Salisbury intimated that the malediction of the church might be expected, and that he would appeal to the Pope. De Vere then took a higher tone, and declared that if they ventured to excommunicate the king, they should soon have reason to repent it, and if any of their reverend body ventured on this occasion to proceed to Rome, they would never be permitted to return. Awed in some measure by this firmness, the synod abated its pretensions, and took no stronger step than adopting a resolution, that the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Winchester should wait on the king to demand reparation.

These dissensions encouraged Matilda, the daughter of the late King, to invade England and to claim the sovereign power. She was at first successful, and Stephen had the misfortune to become her prisoner. In his distress, many of the Barons went over to Matilda. Then it was, *that he who sleeps at Ivinghoe*, became indeed important. Matilda felt that in those days, the sovereign could not hope for security, unless he had the support of the Clergy, and was therefore most anxious to gain the Bishop of Winchester. For this purpose she held a conference with him on an open plain near Winchester, where she offered,

confirming the promise by an oath, that if he recognised her as the rightful Sovereign, and would return to that allegiance, which he, with the other bishops had previously sworn, he should be the sole master of the administration, and should have all vacant bishopricks and abbeys placed at his disposal. Guarantees having been given on her part for the due observance of these engagements, he wholly abandoned the cause of his brother, and promised to use his best exertions to gain for her the suffrages of the rest of the Clergy. This arranged, he received her on the next day at Winchester with great pomp, and there solemnly absolved all the adherents of Stephen from their oaths, denounced those who denounced her, *cursing them with bell, book and candle*, and blessing those who blessed her.

On this and on subsequent occasions, the bishop did not spare the King. He said, "Stephen had been permitted to reign in the absence of the rightful Sovereign, having promised to honour and exalt the church, to maintain the laws and effect all needful reforms. He, however, it affected him to add, had forgotten his promises and his God. Though grieved to condemn a brother, duty to his heavenly father, rendered this unavoidable, and he therefore proclaimed Matilda, Queen."

Shortly after he convened a synod, whom he addressed in the same strain. "Divine providence" he declared, "had given sentence against the King, God's judgments had fallen on him," and therefore said he in conclusion—"I have convened, by virtue of the apostolic power confided to me, this body to consult on the

means of appeasing the troubles of the state. This affair has already been debated in the presence of the greater part of the clergy, who beyond all dispute have a principal share in the election of Kings, and we, after mature deliberation, have determined to acknowledge Matilda, daughter to the incomparable King Henry, for queen and sovereign of England.

To such a pitch did he carry his hostility to the King, that he even opposed the reading of a letter presented to the synod, from the queen of Stephen, praying that her husband might be set at liberty, but Matilda, by her haughty deportment, soon offended the bishop, in common with the whole kingdom. The facility with which he could change sides, was again displayed, the moment he found the friends of his brother once more becoming the stronger party. He conspired against Matilda, and formed a plot to seize her person. She discovered his treachery and fled from the danger, and is said to have eluded the vigilance of her enemies, *by causing herself to be conveyed from Devizes to Gloucester in a coffin.*

The Bishop of Winchester now wrote to the Pope to obtain his sanction to the steps he was taking in favour of his brother. This obtained, he appeared at a council called at Westminster, with the letter of the Holy father in his hand, defended the consistency and integrity of his own conduct, and concluded by excommunicating all who should thenceforth take part with Matilda.

Stephen, now restored to power, probably thought it prudent

not again to offend the prelate, who continued actively to support his authority. Early in the year 1143 he summoned a council at London, where, in the presence of the King he called on the Bishops to exert themselves more vigorously than they had previously done, to put an end to the war which then raged. He obtained from them a promise of more energetic support, on the King's granting certain conditions for the future regulation of the church, most favourable to the clergy.

Little mention is made of the Bishop after this. The arrangement concluded between Stephen and Matilda, under which, on the death of the former, the son of the latter was to succeed to the throne, it may be presumed, left him no opportunity for profitably changing sides again, or age perhaps made him more attentive to his religious duties, and less anxious to distinguish himself on the political stage. It is but justice to add, that if his conduct appears to modern notions little in accordance with that meekness, purity, and love of peace, which should characterize a christian minister, while we condemn his turbulence, his disregard of oaths, and generally, his pursuing a line of conduct equally at variance with truth, loyalty and honour, it is on record, that he was not wholly unmindful of the claims of charity. A mile south from Winchester, the venerable hospital of the holy cross still does honour to his name. "The lofty tower" observes Dr. Milner "the grated door, the porter's lodge beneath it, the retired ambulatory, the separate cells, the common refectory, the venerable church, the flowing black

dress, and the silver cross worn by the members, the conventual appellation "brother," with which they address one another, the silence, the order, the neatness in short, that reign here, seem to recall the idea of a monastery, to those who have seen one, and will give no imperfect idea of such an establishment, to those who have not had that advantage. But this establishment was never a monastery, being only an hospital originally founded by *Bishop Henry de Blois* between 1132 and 1136, for the residence and maintenance of thirteen poor men and the relief of a hundred others of the most indigent of the city, but of creditable character. Each of these was to be provided daily with a loaf of bread, three quarts of small beer, and two messes for his dinner, in a hall appointed for the purpose. In the hospital was an endowment for a master, a steward, four chaplains, thirteen clerks and seven choristers." \*

The church being in the form of the Latin Cross, there are two chapels, in both of which are ancient inscriptions on the floor. We give them verbatim et literatim, beginning with that on the north side.

**Here lyeth under this stone, the bodye of William Duncombe Gentleman, who had two wyves, Mary and Alice, who deceased 26 October, 1576, and had issue by his first wyfe, three soanes**

\* It is but justice to other historians to add, that Hughson in his "perambulations," intimates that the monument in question appeared to him of too modern a date, and might belong to a "Peter Chaceport," an opinion not supported however by any authority.

*and two daughters, and by his second wyfe five sonnes and five daughters,*

total, fifteen children ! The inscription is in brass, and there are effigies not only of the worthy William Duncombe and his two “ wyves ” but of all their fifteen descendants, whose names are appended to each figure in scrolls. In the opposite chapel is another inscription as follows :—

*Here lyeth the bodye of John Duncombe and Alice his wyfe, which John deceased 26 Decr. 1694, being at the age of 90 years and they had issue four sonnes and three daughters—Roger, Henry, Thomas, William, Elizabeth, Alice, and Agnes.*

The “ Duncombes ” were the possessors of Barley End Estate, near Aldbury (in which parish the Pendley station is situated), for many centuries.

It must be evident, from these examples, that the air of this sequestered country in former days was conducive both to longevity and long families. The Duncombes, William and John, having numbered between them, no less than twenty-two children ! and the latter living to the age of ninety years.

Amongst the “ rubbish ” of the church—[vide the chapter on Leighton Buzzard p 117] there is the oak desk, which in Catholic times supported the books during worship—and an “ old oak chest ” for depositing therein the properties of the Priests. The pulpit is of a carved oak in very *excellent*



preservation, and the roof is throughout of the same material, blanchèd by time, and a moist atmosphere. There are in the chancel, ten figures of angels bearing escutcheons, and the same number of Saints. The centre aisle is also furnished in a similar manner—but the chief gem of this unique little edifice is the iron bracket close to the pulpit in which used to be suspended the “hour glass,” to warn the preacher when to close his sermon. We are not aware of the existence of a similar relic in any church in England.

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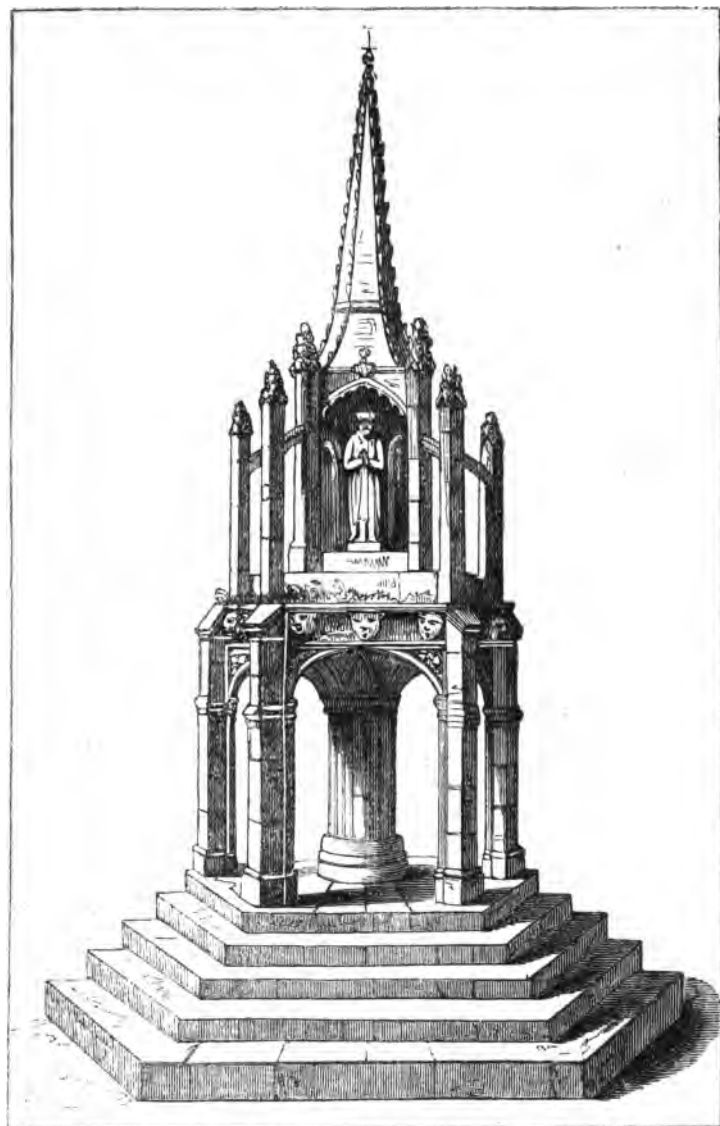
## LEIGHTON BUZZARD.

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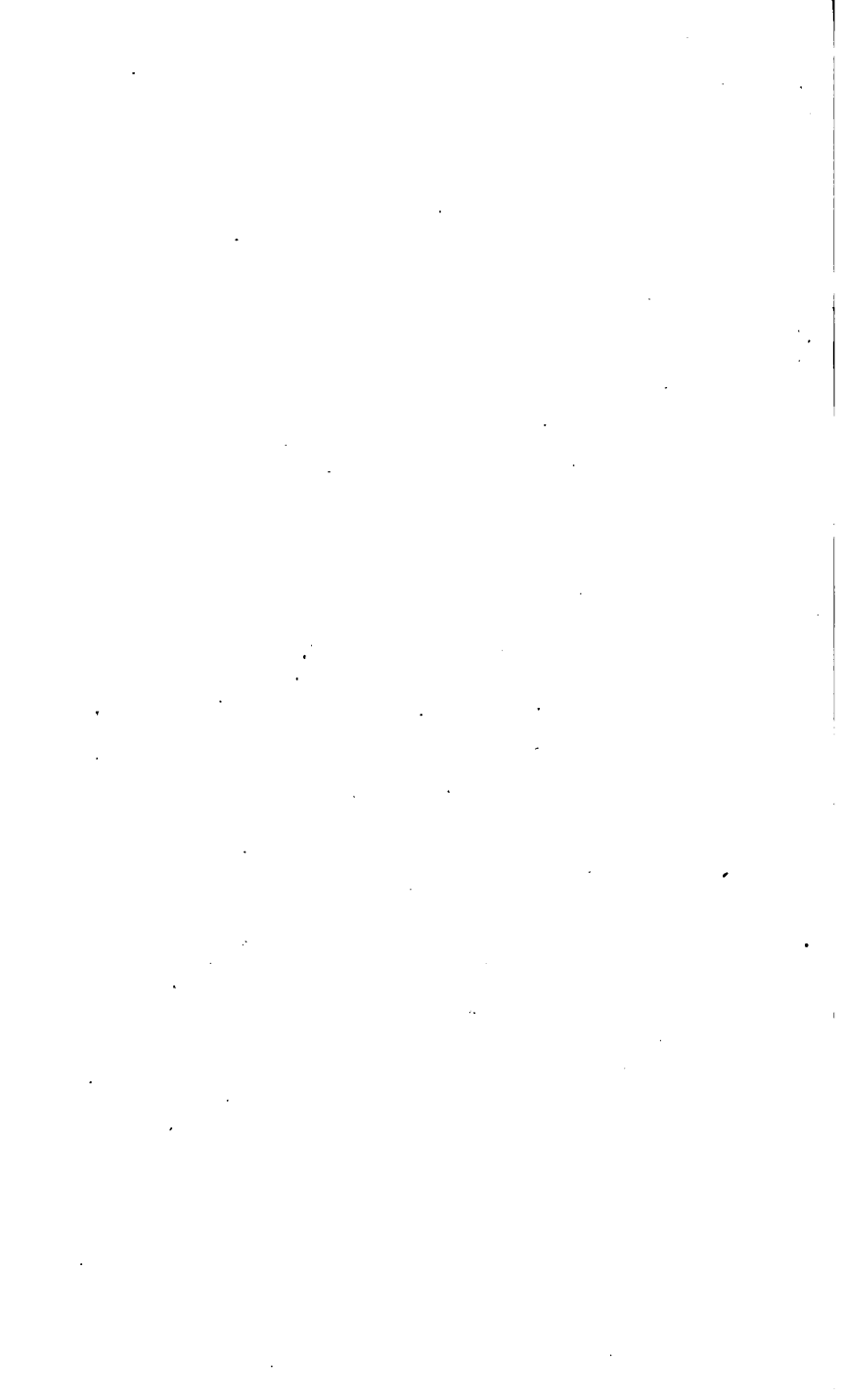
THIS ancient town stands on the right of the Railway, at a distance of one mile, and within that short space the Grand Junction Canal and the river (the Ousel) both intervene. It is situated on the very confines of Bedfordshire—the Ousel separating this county from Bucks. From London its distance by the old road of forty-one miles, is reduced by the Railway (which has here gained three miles upon the ancient means of communication) to thirty-eight miles. The place is supposed to have been the ancient *Lygeanbury* of the Saxon Chronicle, and “Buzzard” to be a modern corruption of the name of a family in the neighbourhood, called *Beauesert*. The market is on Tuesday, and is the most ancient in the county. A Londoner fresh from Cheapside or Regent Street, cannot fail to be struck with the air of the streets, where the ancient houses, ribbed with oak, intermixed with brick, gable ends, and thatch,

still predominate over the more modern erections. The Manor is held on lease under the church of Windsor, and was originally granted by Henry II., to the abbess and nuns of Font Everard in Normandy, who in return for this favour, established a cell for nuns at Grovebury, in the parish of Leighton. Besides this alien priory, it is asserted on the authority of Bishop Turner, that there was a house for Cistercian monks (the same order as the nuns at Font Everard) which was a cell to Woburn Abbey. This fraternity probably occupied the monastery, the remains of which may be seen in Broad Street—one of the relics of by-gone days, worthy of a visit from the antiquarian.

The attention, however, is first arrested by the ancient Gothic Cross in the market place, about which so much has been written, and which has unconsciously stood (not sat) to painters and sketchers of every generation during many centuries. It is of a pentagonal form, and has as many effigies in niches in its upper story. That it was a *religious* cross there can be no doubt, seeing that a prelate, a saint (probably St. John), and the virgin and child, are amongst the personages sculptured, and last, not least, a King. Local enquiry leads only to vague replies as to its origin, for whilst some assert that to be unknown—others inform you it is one of the crosses raised by Edward I., to the memory of his beloved and faithful consort, Queen Eleanor. Very little explanation is required to set this latter opinion at rest in the negative. Leighton Buzzard is situated entirely out of the line of the ancient Watling Street,



**CROSS AT LEIGHTON BUZZARD IN BEDFORDSHIRE—RESTORED.**



which runs east and west about five miles to the northward of the town. The Queen died at Hardeley, near Grantham, in Lincolnshire, and her body brought to London, to be deposited in Westminster Abbey, rested at Lincoln, Grantham, Stamford, Geddington, Northampton, Stony Stratford, *Dunstable* (about six miles from Leighton), St. Alban's, Waltham and Charing (then a village near London), at all which places crosses were erected, of which only three now remain, those at Geddington, Northampton and Waltham. It is only necessary to observe upon the improbability of the procession with the royal body, making a "detour" of five miles from the main road, into a county, then, if we may judge of that fact by what it is now, almost impassable as respects its cross roads. We may therefore add that by whom, or for whatever purpose this cross was erected is not correctly known. The probability is, that it has stood for six or seven centuries, as we find that in the year 1650 it was presented at the Court-leet of the town as being in such a ruinous state as greatly to endanger the lives of passengers, and a rate of four-pence was levied upon every inhabitant to defray the expense of repairing it. The height of the cross is twenty-seven feet from the top of the stone work to the basement story, which is seven and a half feet from the ground, and is reached by five rows of stone steps. It is highly ornamented externally, and the internal sculpture is in a state of preservation which reflects great credit upon the administration of the four-penny rate above alluded to. In the year 1801,

Leighton contained (exclusive of the Hamlets of Heath, Billington, Egginton and Clipston) 376 houses and 1963 inhabitants. Unlike most ancient towns, it is gradually increasing in population, the present number being estimated at 4,000, of which a large proportion are quakers. Its prosperity in late years, may doubtless be traced to the immense traffic of the Grand Junction Canal, from which it derives considerable advantages, to its excellent market—and to its fairs, six in number, in each year.

About half a mile from the town, on the "heath" is an enclosure, nearly circular, containing several fields surrounded by a ditch, deep in many parts, which has very much the appearance of having been a Roman encampment. At the lower part of the town, on the bank of the river, is a delightful walk, of about three quarters of a mile in extent—the most pleasant promenade, so far as we could discover, in the neighbourhood.

#### THE CHURCH.\*

Should the visitor have already seen the church of Ivinghoe, he will be struck with the similarity of the construction of the two, the bleached oak roof of one, is in fact an exact type of the other, except that the *scale* is much larger at Leighton.

\* The sexton is *James Elkerton*. It should be observed that all sextons and clerks being part and parcel of the church, are generally to be found domiciled in its immediate vicinity.

The survey in Domesday Book states the rectory of Leighton Buzzard, then the property of Remigins, Bishop of Lincoln, to consist of four hides of land. The rectorial manor is now a prebendal corps in that church to which the said Bishop collates.

The stalls of massive oak, carved, and bearing the escutcheons of their former occupants (a study of itself to those who have leisure) have an air of commodious dignity contrasting strangely with the modern conveniency of pews. The *oldest* monument in the Church is on the north side of the chancel, placed in the wall at an elevation which precludes its being deciphered without the aid of a ladder. It is a simple inscription on a brass plate to the memory of William Jackmann of Billington (two miles from the town of Leighton on the south east), who deceased in 1597. The rude oak seats placed before the stalls for the accommodation of the commonality in the days they were in use, it may as a matter of curiosity, be worthy of remark, are covered with dates and initials cut with knives in the style of the present day—as will be remembered by those who visit our public monuments and promenades, or in cases where the material is too hard for the knife, the more ephemeral system of “pencilling” is put in requisition, to the admiration of all foreigners. We observed dates so cut of 1724 and 1725. Leaving the chancel, and other monuments, both of an ancient and costly character (within the rails), we wish to direct attention to the chapel in the south transept,



where on the left hand is one of the curiosities in the shape of a mural "table," only to be met with in primitive sections of the country—in its "bye ways"—not in its "high ways." Two leaves of oak fold over a third fixed to the wall, and the five sides thus created are inscribed in gold letters with a list of the donations of the individual, one "*Edward Wilkes of Leighton, Gentleman*, who in the year 1630 built the Alms houses in the north end of the towne and gave them for poor aged people to dwell in, not exceeding the number of sixteene." In 1631 "he gave the said 'table' and therein inserted the charity of the former benefaction, and in 1638 he gave the cedar pulpit (still existing) and a purple velvet cushion for the use of the minister." In the year 1646 at his death, by his will and testament "he gave for ever two closes near the bridge, of the value of six pounds six shillings and eightpence yearly, of which to be laid out in gowns and caps for the poor in his Alms houses, five pounds, six shillings and eightpence, and for a sermon on 24th March, for ever, ten shillings—and the other ten shillings to be spent in a dinner." On the opposite side of the same transept are other ancient tables recording donations to the Church and poor, one of them surmounted by an escutcheon and an ancient helmet of iron—the whole being in admirable keeping with the antiquity of the Church. A gallery at the west end of the nave speaks for itself, it having been "erected at the sole expence of the inhabitants of the towne and parish in the year 1634." and looks as if it would

stand two centuries more without demanding great repairs. We were about to leave the interior of the Church (not without enquiring, however, if we had seen all the objects worthy of notice,) when we were directed by the sextoness to the north transept, although, as she said, it contained nothing but "rubbish." Amongst the "rubbish" was a *stone coffin*, dug up on the spot about two years ago where it had probably lain many centuries. It contained the remains of a human being, who it may be presumed from the care and expense bestowed on his interment was of no mean importance while alive. The coffin which is very solid, measures six feet and a half in the clear from end to end within, and at the upper end a stone block is placed, in which a hollow was cut to receive the head. The bones were committed again to the earth, beneath the spot on which the coffin now rests. No inscription or tradition preserves the name of its ancient tenant. Anthony Schlater, a divine of some note in the seventeenth Century enjoyed the vicarage of this Church *fifty years and lived to near a hundred.*

From the roof of the nave a view is obtained of the surrounding country, the river Ousel, the Canal, and the new feature in the landscape—the embankment of the Railroad. The Curfew, (or "eight o'clock bell") is rung during the winter months, except on "saints' days." There is also a bell tolled at four o'clock every morning throughout the year—the reminiscence probably, of the "matins" of the Romish church. The family of the Leigh's possess the Manor, one of whom, the Honourable

Mr. Leigh, built a school in the town in 1790, and endowed it with twenty pounds a year.

The Alms houses before spoken of, as built by Edward Wilkes in 1630, are an interesting specimen of that kind of substantial charity. The building is uniform, flanked by walls at both ends, enclosing gardens, and on the front of the houses, as also of the garden walls, are a variety of inscriptions, some of them amusingly quaint. The following may be taken as specimens :

— Let not brawl nor evil communications be betwixt you, but  
— study to be quiet every one doing his owne business.

Anna Dom. 1667

“*Hoc opus Domine, non nostra sed tua dicamus gloria*”

“*From the rage of fier and hands of violence good Lord  
Deliber us.*”

From the terms of the grant of the said Edward Wilkes, we expected to find *at least* “sixteene poor aged people” inhabitants of these Alms houses, but the actual number is only *eight*, who, we are informed, besides living rent free, were provided with firing—five shillings a week in money, and a pair of shoes per annum. We did not hear of their being provided with “gownes and caps” out of the rents and revenues of “the two closes near the bridge” granted by the worthy Wilkes for that express purpose.

To turn, however, from the living to the dead, we have not forgotten the *Stone Coffin*, now resting (so far as those are concerned to whom its keeping is committed) neglected among the lumber of the church. That its inhabitant was a personage of importance may be assumed from the mode of burial, and when we walk along the antiquated streets of this old town, and regard its Cross, the origin of which is involved in obscurity, fancy may connect the "Unknown," who once slept the occupant of the coffin, with this more conspicuous relict of antiquity which has equally withstood the assaults of time, and become an object of mysterious interest to the stranger. Under the influence of sentiments of this nature, we have been tempted again to depart from "plain prose," and to present our readers with a few playful stanzas written by one of the visitors recently attracted to Leighton Buzzard, and addressed

#### TO THE SKELETON FOUND IN THE STONE COFFIN.

Ex-tenant of yon massy bed,  
Now after reigns so many sped  
Of Emperors, Queens and Kings,  
Would I might hear thy tongue proclaim  
What thou wast once—thy rank—thy name—  
Thy thoughts on men and things.

"I guess," as Jonathan would say,  
Thou wast a *big wig* in thy day ;  
One of no mean estate ;  
Nay, I can fancy that I see  
Proof that it was thy lot to be,  
What foolish men call "Great."

Great! ah! how misapplied the word,  
(Unmeaning—arrogant—absurd!)  
To aught in life's brief span ;  
What greatness, or what real power  
Belongs to the frail human flower,  
Weak, tottering, helpless man?

What if a prelate's vestments fair,  
The crozier and the mitre's glare  
Were thine, and promised fame!  
All learning, genius and success,  
Could to ambition's service press,  
Have not preserved *thy name*!

Deeds of renown, or noble birth  
Denied thee rest in common earth,  
When 'twas thy turn to fall ;  
A ponderous mass the quarry gave,  
Thy head to pillow in the grave,  
But what availed it all!

"O, not in silver, not in gold  
Inter me, but in kindred mould,"  
Of Cyrus was the prayer.  
If different were thy costly whim,  
What he desired thou shar'st with him,  
Despite of foolish care.

The pomp and splendour once thy boast,  
The homage of a menial host,  
The crowd's applauding roar,  
Saves thee not from the common lot,  
The lowest hind unknown can rot,  
And thou hast done no more.

Rude hands the remnant of thy clay  
Have dragged untimely to the day  
To make a vulgar show.  
That o'er, defrauded of its stone,  
It now again to darkness thrown,  
Uncoffin'd rests below.

Well ! if thy ghost, these insults spied,  
Has still a touch of earth-born pride,  
While thus severely chid,  
Know that the Pharaohs great and proud,  
Are snatched to please a gaping crowd  
From regal pyramid.

In mockery of pride so vain,  
Mere merchandise across the main,  
Torn from their native sand,  
To grace bazaars or studios here,  
Or fall before an auctioneer,  
In Bond Street or the Strand.

But why should thought to Egypt roam?  
Forgotten are the proud at home.  
View Leighton's town cross grey;  
There gaze upon the *great unknown*,  
Saints, warriors, monarchs, carved in stone,  
Ah! tell me who were they?

Who raised that pile with curious care  
Say? for no chronicles declare.  
Perhaps, thy story lost  
Withholds from us the founder's name:  
Thine, "Rubbish" now, might be the same  
With his who built the cross.

But thou no longer hast to learn,  
All, the same destiny in turn,  
Encounter one day must;  
Whate'er the pranks of wealth and state,  
Each bending to the doom of fate,  
At last yields "dust to dust."

Small is the space 'twixt you and me,  
"Twixt me and those who are to be—

I'm present—you are gone;

What matters?—here, I cannot stay,  
Nor those who follow—then away—

TIME, let thy *train* move on.

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## RICKMANSWORTH.

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[THE following chapter belongs properly to the Watford station, on the journey from London to Birmingham. From Watford it is distant but three miles. The irregularity of its insertion here, it is hoped will be pardoned.]

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RICKMANSWORTH is a town in Hertfordshire, by the old road, eighteen miles from London. It had a market granted by Henry III. for the benefit of the monastery of St. Albans, which has now been discontinued.

In the earliest records, the town is named *Rykemereworth*, and also *Richmeresweard*. In Doomsday-Book it is called

*Prichemareworde*: by Clutterbuck *Rickmersworth*. Its ancient designations signified that it was placed on *rich-moor-meadow-ground*. It is now written *Rickmansworth*.

The manor formed part of a demesne of the Saxon kings, and was bestowed, as well as many other manors in the vicinity, by OFFA on the abbot and monks of St. Albans. Its antiquity is thus established. Through the valley in which it is situated, flow the rivers *Colne* and *Gade*, and also the *Chess*, which, in its subsequent course gives name to *Chesham* in Buckinghamshire; all rivers noted for trout and other palatable fish, and much frequented by anglers. Small as is the town, it enjoys some celebrity for manufactures, amongst which, that of Paper stands first—and afterwards Straw-Plait, and Horse-Hair seats for chairs. *Water-Cresses* for the London Market, are also “cultivated” extensively. Its distance from the Watford station is about three miles and a half along a pleasant road, skirted for a mile on the right by Cashiobury Park, the seat of the Earl of Essex, at the end of which the Grand Junction Canal intersects the road, and enters the aforesaid domain through which it flows for several miles. It is worthy of remark, that the road winds in all directions, going *from* as often as *towards* the town, and will furnish at some distant day, a marvellous instance of road-making, in comparison with the modern invention, which has led *us* from home, to discover the difference between one and the other.

We must not omit to state that the *market-house*, being no

longer wanted as such, has been removed *entire* some paces from the main street, and has become the Parochial School. It is not often that we hear of buildings in this country being moved from one place to another, like a log hut in Canada.

The visitor to this town, will be gratified by a sight of the celebrated

#### STAINED GLASS WINDOW

in the East end of the Church, probably as fine a specimen of that art as this country can afford. Anxious to learn from whence so precious a relic came, we consulted various living and dead authorities. Their testimony is as follows:—

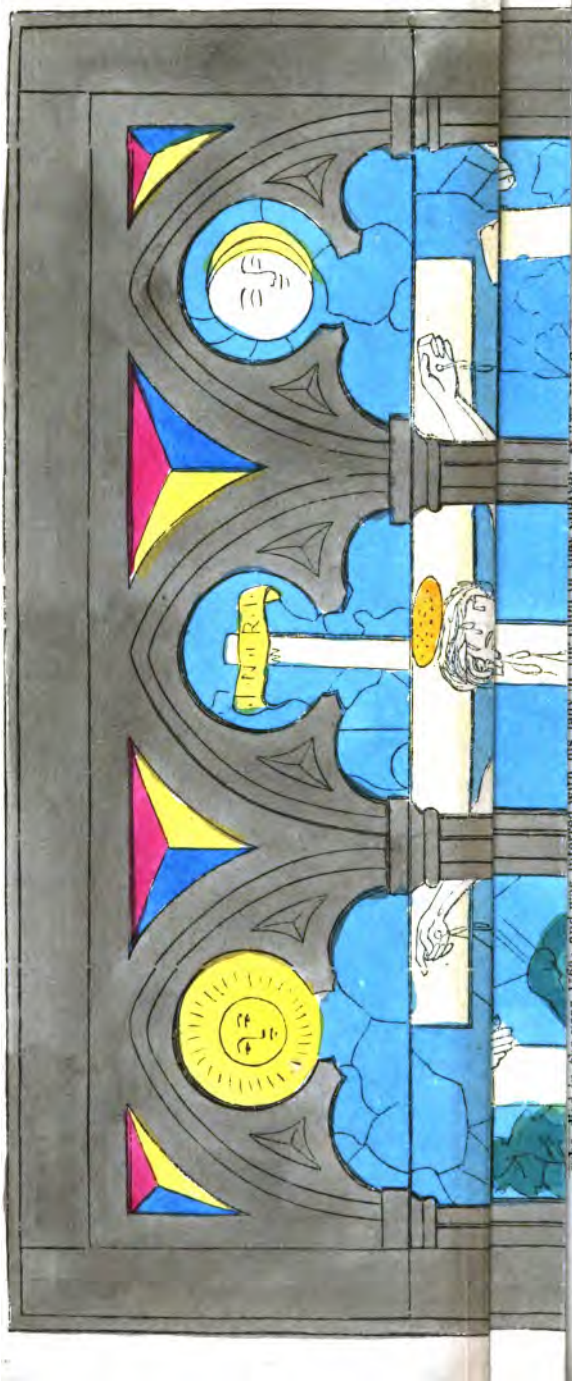
The clergyman of the church in which it is placed, informed us that it was obtained *from France*.

The clerk of the same church reported that it came *from London, and was made on purpose for Rickmansworth*.

From "Lewis's Topographical Dictionary," published in 1831 (which professes to treat also of *Railroads*), we learn that the said window originally belonged to *St. Peter's at Rome*; and was purchased in Paris in the year 1800, for two hundred pounds.

Clutterbuck in his "History of Hertfordshire," gives, however, a "history" of this window, which is believed to be the





who died in the year 1560; and was interred with his lady in the choir of this church.  
**French Revolution, and purchased by the Rev. EDWARD HODGESON the Vicar of RICKMANSWORTH, and his Parishioners.**

correct one, according to which, it was brought from the church of St. John, at Rouen in Normandy, where it had shone as the ornament of a window at the end of the choir, and was rescued from the grasp of Revolution, by the veneration of its owner. The descriptive particulars at the foot of the annexed plate detail its history, and the engraving and colouring will give some idea of the general effect, produced by this noble relic of a beautiful art.

#### THE CHURCH,

which is of Saxon origin, has been lately renovated. A series of wooden columns of the *rustic* order, spring from the galleries, but whether they are intended merely as ornaments, or as supports to the roof of the church, cannot well be decided without consulting the architect. It may be remarked, however, that nothing more ugly in the way of columns was ever fabricated.

Within the rails of the altar, inserted in the wall, is the fragment of a monument to the memory of Thomas Fotherly (and Tabitha his wife) who died in 1649. This Sir Thomas Fotherly was one of the gentlemen of the Privy Chamber to King Charles I., and a commissioner for letting and selling Londonderry in Ireland. He, in return for these marks of royal favour, and probably from motives of personal attachment,

contributed his pecuniary aid, during the rebellion, to the cause of his unfortunate sovereign, who by these private loans was enabled for a length of time to carry on the government, independently of the Parliament.

The eldest son of the above Thomas, John Fotherly, Esq., appears to have been animated by the same principles of loyalty as his father, having advanced to Charles II. the sum of one hundred pounds, for which the following acknowledgement was given :

“ I doe acknowledge to have received the summe of One Hundred Pounds sterling of I. F. which I doe promis to repay as soone as I am able.

Bruges, 21 December,

1657

Charles R.

On the opposite side of the Altar, there is a mural monument consisting of two marble Tables, with arms sculptured in bold relief, supported by Bulls, and surmounted by an Earl's coronet—to the memory of the Right Honourable Henry Carey, Earl of Monmouth, who died 13th of June, 1661. On the floor of the nave, in a ruined condition, *is the oldest monument now existing in the church.* It is of brass, and represents an aged

man holding a book in one hand, and a walking stick in the other, between his two wives. The inscription runs thus:—

Here lyeth buried under this stone  
 The body of Thomas Day  
 And his two wives Alice and Joan  
 The times here see you may  
 These three no doubt had faith in Christ  
 Their sins for to forgive  
 And they can tell who knew them well  
 The poor they did reliefe.

|        |            |   |              |
|--------|------------|---|--------------|
| Alice  | } deceased | { | 10 June 1585 |
| Joan   |            |   | 6 Aug. 1598  |
| Thomas |            |   | 10 July 1613 |

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## BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

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THE Railroad now taking a diagonal line, in its progress towards the midland county of Northampton, traverses, without interruption, the county of Buckingham in its widest part. We therefore deem it useful to preface the details which will result from our pedestrian observations, by a brief general history of this county, which is not less remarkable for its agricultural character, and the improvements it has undergone in late years, than for its having been a favourite section of the country with our Roman conquerors, as is evinced by frequent discoveries of the remains of the works of that great people. It has Northamptonshire on its northern, and Oxfordshire on its western side, and is forty-five miles in length, eighteen in breadth, and one hundred and thirty-eight in circuit. The principal rivers are the Thames,

by which the county is divided, for about twenty-eight miles from Berkshire; the Colne, for about fourteen-miles, by which it is separated from Middlesex; and the Ouse, which has a course of not less than fifty miles, either as a boundary, or in traversing the county. These rivers receive several tributary streams, and almost all abound in fish. The county has also the benefit of the Grand Junction Canal, which enters it near Wolverton, and is carried across the river Ouse, by an *aqueduct, three quarters of a mile in length*, after which it enters Hertfordshire, near Bulbourne. An Act was passed in seventeen hundred and ninety-four, for making several "cuts" from different places to join it; in consequence of which, one called the "Navigable Feeder," has been made from the canal at Bulbourne to Wendover; another from Old Stratford to Buckingham, and a third from Marsworth to Aylesbury. The south-eastern part of the county is hilly, being occupied by the Chiltern hills and their appendages, on which are considerable woods and plantations of beech. The other parts of the county, particularly the vale of Aylesbury, are noted for fertility. Marble is quarried, at a considerable depth, near Newport-Pagnell, and petrifications of different marine productions are sometimes found. The celebrated Fuller's-earth pits at Wavendon, on the borders of Bedfordshire, about two miles north of Woburn and three miles north-east of Fenny Stratford, are particularly deserving of notice. Only one of these pits, however, is now occasionally worked in a close shaft, the

dealers having got into a practice of procuring an article of inferior quality, from other parts of the hundred, which they sell as the produce of this neighbourhood. Ochre is obtained at Brill, six miles from Thame, and used for painting, and also small quantities of amber, but there is no mineral of any importance. Buckinghamshire is celebrated for corn and cattle, which are its principal produce. Great numbers of oxen are fed in the vale of Aylesbury, and, together with vast quantities of butter, are sent to the metropolis. The largest sheep of England, are said to have been formerly bred in the same district, but this is no longer a distinction of the county. Its chief manufactures are lace and paper. The former has been long established, but of old it was remarked of the inhabitants, that *more live by the lands than by the hands*, which is still the case; for Buckingham is not to be considered a manufacturing county. Many of the poorer classes of females, are occupied in lace making, of that description known by the name of pillow or thread lace, but this branch of industry has almost entirely succumbed to the superior cheapness of an article, nearly as durable, and now brought to the highest state of perfection, at Nottingham, manufactured by steam machinery,—however, this handicraft and the plaiting of straw, employ almost the whole of the women and girls in the county. There are schools for teaching the art, whither children are sent at a very early age, and at eleven or twelve years old, are able to gain a livelihood. A cotton

manufactory is established at Amersham. Buckinghamshire is divided into eight hundreds, containing two hundred parishes, and fifteen market-towns as follows:—

|                   |                  |
|-------------------|------------------|
| BUCKINGHAM,       | COLNEBROOK,      |
| AYLESBURY,        | IVINGHOE,        |
| AMERSHAM,         | GREAT MARLOW,    |
| BEACONSFIELD,     | NEWPORT-PAGNELL, |
| CHESHAM,          | OLNEY,           |
| STONEY-STRATFORD, | RISBOROUGH,      |
| WYCOMBE,          | WENDOVER,        |

## WINSLOW.

The markets in some are at present very inconsiderable. Many fine seats are within its precincts, among which, Stowe, belonging to the marquis of Buckingham, Bulstrode, Wilton Park, and Wycombe Abbey, especially merit notice. ANTIQUITIES, occasionally discovered, such as a Mosaic pavement, coins, and fragments of arms, prove that the Romans have been established here. Roman roads may be traced in it, and there are also some remains of their military stations, though they are not very perceptible. A considerable mound of earth, called Grimesdike\* (which seems a common

\* Or "Grimesditch"—as these ramparts are called by Dr. Stukely. The most remarkable one within our recollection, runs over the country near to Woodyates Inn in Dorsetshire, between Salisbury and Exeter on the Bridport road. These ramparts are supposed to have been thrown up before Cæsar's time, and several of them now serve to divide Counties.

appellation for an ancient rampart), traverses part of it in a direction from east to west. The remains of a circular camp, with a double vallum and ditch, appear on the top of the hill at West Wycombe, and those of another at High Wycombe. A cross, standing on the side of a hill near the hamlet of Whiteleaf, is supposed to be intended to commemorate a battle, fought by Edward the Elder against the Danes. In the churches at Chetwode, Chesham Bois, Hicham and Hillesden, are some of the earliest and most elegant specimens of stained glass in the kingdom. The church of Stukely is particularly deserving of notice, as affording one of the most complete specimens of Saxon architecture now remaining. Some etymologists derive the name of this county, though without any satisfactory foundation, from *Bocken*, or *Bucken*, signifying beech trees, which were always abundant here; others from *Buccen*, Bucks, or Deer. Camden supposes that, in the time of the Britons, it was inhabited by a people called *Cattienchlany*, or *Cassii*, the subjects of *Cassivellanus*. Whitaker, however, restricts their occupation to only a small portion of it, thinking that the rest was inhabited by a different tribe. *Its early history, however, is involved in absolute conjecture and obscurity.* Edward the Elder is known to have erected a fortress at Buckingham, about the year nine hundred and twelve, or nine hundred and eighteen. It was the theatre of the civil wars, in the contest between King John and his barons, in the thirteenth century; and hostile parties were again here, in the troubles attending the reign of Charles the First.

We learn from the preceding that "Antiquities in coins, mosaics and fragments," are occasionally discovered in this county, and it is difficult to guess what antiquarian treasures may be now hidden beneath its soil, for we observed with pleasure in the public prints, early in January last, the following announcement :—

"The remains of a Roman Villa have been recently discovered within two miles of Buckingham, on the road to Stoney Stratford, on a farm belonging to his Grace the Duke of Buckingham, who has given directions that the whole of the foundation shall be explored. Already a frigidarium and caldarium (cold and warm baths) have been discovered, lined with red-coloured stucco, and a great quantity of loose tessaræ, which composed the floor of one of the adjoining rooms, probably the apodyterium or undressing room. Large square hollow tiles, which had evidently been used as flues to warm the sudatoria or sweating-rooms, have also been dug out. Within these few days, another floor, composed of coarse red tessaræ, has been exposed, and a coin found, with the reverse bearing the cross and the Alpha and Omega, indicating that it was struck subsequently to the time of Constantine, and probably by one of his sons, or the usurper Decontius, whose head and coin it most resembles, though the inscription is illegible. Within a mile of this Villa are two tumuli or barrows, supposed to contain the remains of Roman generals; they do not appear to have been opened, and as they are situated on the property of the Duke of Buckingham, it is probable they will be examined. Bishop Kennett, in his "Parochial Antiquities," states that Buckingham must have been a place of considerable antiquity, as the spot near which the

Roman General Aulus Plautius, surprised and routed the Britons, under the command of Caractacus and Togodumnus, the sons of Cunobelin. And it is probable the barrows above alluded to, may be the almost imperishable monuments of that event. The town was celebrated in early Saxon times as the burial place of St. Rumbald, who was born at King's Sutton, and who, according to a Popish legend, lived only three days; but during a short time after birth declared himself a Christian, and bequeathed his body after death to Sutton for one year, to Brackley for two years, and then to Buckingham for ever. Pilgrims came in crowds to his shrine and well, which still exist."

We leave this part of our subject, however, for the present, to continue our journey from the station next beyond Leighton Buzzard.

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## DENBIGH HALL.

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SOME of the London travellers who had indulged in magnificent ideas of the splendour expected to be found at this station, were a little disappointed on their arrival. They asked with eager anxiety, not unmingled with a touch of the pathetic, which was the way *to the Hall*? The answers they received, conveyed to them the startling intelligence, that they might as well have urged the same question at *Vauxhall*. Mr. Edgington undertook to console all comers on the first day for the absence of any spacious building, such as many had supposed was there to be found, by erecting an immense tent at the temporary station of the Company. It was calculated to accommodate many hundreds of people, but was not required after the opening, as the attraction of the vicinity was not so great, as to cause that vast influx of company which had been anticipated.



The modest inn or public-house which had been established there, though its powers of entertaining are not on the largest scale, was almost equal to the needful supply of all visitors, in the first week after this stage of the undertaking had been completed.

But whence the name of Denbigh Hall? it has been asked, and may be asked again. The question can be answered without an etymological reference to some Saxon origin. It appears that many years ago, the accounts vary as to date, from half a century to a whole one; a Lord Denbigh and part of his family passing that way, met with an accident, which was more common in those days than in our time,—his carriage broke down. The spot from which few human habitations can now be seen, was a perfect solitude then, with the exception offered by one cottage and its inmates, an aged couple, a shepherd and shepherdess, who were then the occupants, and to whom the noble lord and his lady applied for aid in their distress. Nor was the application made in vain.

“The wicket, opening with a latch,  
Received the noble pair,”

and all that kindly feeling and humble hospitality could offer, was readily accorded. The lordly guests, exulting in having escaped from serious danger, enjoyed the novelty of their situation, and liberally requited the attentions of their humble host and hostess. By their bounty, the friendly roof which had received them on this occasion, was repaired and enlarged, and, as the story runs, in the fervour of their gratitude they decreed

that it should be upheld "while the sun continued to shine and the rain to fall." This extravagance is perhaps only a rustic invention; but it is certain that from the accident above narrated, the house gained the name of "Denbigh Hall," which it retained even after it became an inn, and was graced with the sign of the Marquis of Granby, which it now bears, and has borne for some seventy years. Mr. Varney, the present landlord of the King's Head at Fenny Stratford, who kept it a quarter of a century ago, speaks to its having so long been in the public service. Its pretensions were never great. "It never," says a lively writer in one of the journals, "within the memory of man, was a coaching-house, nor are there any proofs that the beauty of its bar-maid or the soundness of its ale ever induced any particular coachman to pull up there. Occasionally a heavy broad-wheeled waggon or two might be seen standing before it, and it had a sort of minor fame among drovers." Now things are changed. The improvement may not last; for "Fortune," as Mr. Canning sings, is rather apt to

"Vary her changeable form;"

but, at present, customers are plenty, and the landlord has wisely taken care that for "the soundness of its ale," it shall rank second to no inn or hall in the county. The manner in which the cottage was christened, was perhaps an adoption of the course taken nearer London. Queen Anne is reported to have met with the same accident which befell Lord Denbigh, and to have been obliged to rest for some time under an elm

tree while the damage was repaired, or another coach procured for her Majesty. The tree was in consequence called "Queen's Elm," and has since given its title to a populous and respectable neighbourhood near London.

That Denbigh Hall will become a place of importance is, however, at present, by no means probable. In a few months it is expected the station will be removed, when the old Marquis of Granby may, like Sir John Moore, be again "left alone in his glory."

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## BLETCHLEY.

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It may happen to some visitor to Denbigh Hall as it did to us, that leisure for a stroll across green fields, might give rise to the inclination for it. On the left of the road coming from London, there is a village of the above name, situated chiefly in a valley, about a mile from the station. The church, standing on high ground, is the first object which meets the view, and an inspection of it, will well repay the antiquarian for his curiosity. A noble avenue of yew trees leads to the principal or south entrance, and within the porch are the remains of a Saxon arch, chastely decorated. The church is of large dimensions, and in good repair. Topographical writers have not bestowed much pains upon the place, but we learn from Mr. Britten, that this

manor, with the adjoining one of WHADDON, was purchased by the Lord Greys of the Pigot family, and on the attainder of William, Lord Grey, who was imprisoned on a charge of being an accomplice of Sir Walter Raleigh, was granted by James the First to his favourite, Sir George Villiers, who was created Baron Whaddon, and afterwards, Duke of Buckingham. On the death of the son and successor of this nobleman, it was purchased by John Selby and Doctor Willis, who almost pulled down the old seat of the Greys.\* His grandson, Browne Willis, the antiquary, inhabited the remainder. From him, it descended to John Willis Fleming, Esq. The present incumbent of the parish (which contains about six hundred acres), has re-built the parsonage-house almost on a regal scale, adopting the architecture of the time of Elizabeth. He is, we learn, also an antiquary, and has possessed himself of many relics from his parishioners.

The village is scattered over a circumference of about a mile of ground, having a centre, or focus, at Lower Bletchley, where four roads meet. It is of a decidedly rural character, but has lately received an addition to its commerce, in providing lodgings or living for the Railroad guards, superintendants, and workmen. How far this "march of intellect" may contribute to the improvement of its inns, cannot be foreseen: but at present, the accommodations for a visitor, do not rise beyond

\* It is now entirely destroyed.

those of the ordinary public-house, and the "Londoner" is an object of curiosity to the quiet folks of Bletchley.

In the church there are several interesting and curious inscriptions, and an altar-tomb, in marble, in good preservation, to the memory of Richard, Lord Grey, Baron Grey de Wilton. A recumbent figure of this individual is spiritedly sculptured. He is armed; and round the lower part of the armour, is a collar of jewels, in the midst of which is a small shield, with the cross of St. George, in allusion to his having been made Knight of the Garter by Richard the Second, probably about the year 1390. He appears with cropped hair, and without a beard. On the rails near the tomb rests the iron helmet, either of Lord Richard, of his son, Reginald, or his great grandson, Edmund (who were buried in the same tomb with him). Its visor has been richly gilt, of which there yet remains good proof. Although it is interesting to contemplate what are now become useless parts of a warrior's dress, it is accompanied by the reflection that such a *case*, must have been a most inconvenient one for a man's head, and vastly fatiguing to the wearer.

An oak pillar in the south aisle, is surmounted with a box, and a carved inscription, dated 1637, of

**"Remember the Poor."**

The box was open and *empty*.

At the east end of the chancel, in the wall, is a very singular brass tablet, upon which is engraved a variety of symbolical figures, and inscriptions, in English and Latin. It is in recollection of Thomas Sparke, a celebrated theologian, who died the 8th October, 1616. At the foot it is stated—

“Hoc monumentum Tho. Sparke filius et hoeris pietatis  
ergo moerens posuit.”

A tablet appears on the left of the altar, to the memory of a lady, who was wife to the above minister. The inscription it bears is quaint; but not without interest, and is as follows:—

“Rose, Daughter of Andrew Inchforby, of Ipswich, onely  
wife of Thos. Sparke, Doctor of Divinity, and Parson of this  
Church. She lived with him a lovinge helper fortie years, and  
bare unto him ten children, of whom she went to heaven before  
her, and she she left heare behinde her to followe her vertues  
and godly example.

She departed ye 7th Augt., 1615.

Sixtie eight years a fragrant rose she lasted,  
No vile reproach her vertues ever blasted;  
Her autumn past expects a glorious springe,  
A second better life more flourishinge.

The Church has contained also several brass effigies, in the style of those shewn in our engraving at page 32; but they are all fled. Time and rude hands have, together, stolen away the fame of the individuals, whose virtues and titles they commemorated.



## FENNY STRATFORD.

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THIS small decayed market-town, is situated on the ancient Watling Street, a short half hour's walk from Denbigh Hall. It is a chapelry to the parish of Bletchley. The prefix (Fenny) is derived from the nature of the surrounding country; but the town itself is upon an eminence. In the year 1665, before the art of draining lands had reached its present perfection, it paid a heavy penalty for its situation, having been depopulated by the "plague" to such a degree, that the inns were shut up and the road turned in another direction, since which period the market has never flourished. The Grand Junction Canal has, however, in our days absorbed its waste waters, and rendered the "fens" wholesome both for man and beast, A small river called the Lofield flows at the foot of the town. The houses are disposed chiefly along the high road from London

to Stoney Stratford, but there is a cross street leading southwards. The view towards the high ridge on which the village of Brickhill is situated, and that from Brickhill towards Fenny, presents a wide range of scenery, of a diversified and pleasing character.

The chapel appears to have remained in a state of dilapidation, for two or three centuries, when Mr. Browne Willis, an English Antiquary, born in 1682, and who published a survey of the Cathedrals of England, exerted himself to raise subscriptions to re-build the chapel, and the result was the present brick building, the first stone of which was laid in 1724. He appears to have exercised an odd fancy in dedicating it to St. Martin, and laying the foundation stone on St. Martin's day, because his grandfather died on that day in *St. Martin's Lane*. Those benevolent individuals who subscribed *above* the sum of ten pounds, are honoured by having their coats-of-arms displayed upon the ceiling of the church. Willis died in 1760, and was buried within the rails of the Communion Table.

The inhabitants of Fenny, admit that their town is a dull place,—a designation which doubtless applies to its trade, the population being chiefly composed of the labouring classes. That species of life, which is imparted to a place by being situated on a high road, however, still belongs to it—there being many coaches passing through it both by day and night. It may be conjectured, therefore, that it will not gain much in the way of life or trade from the formation of the Railroad. There is a

good inn—the Swan—which was an inn bearing the same name in the year 1474. A *tableau* of its visitors from that day to the present, would form a motley scene. Another inn, once of note, but now dwindled into a public-house, the Black Bull, was anciently a guild or fraternity, dedicated to St. Margâret and Catherine. Some remains of the Brotherhood-house exist; but now converted into lofts and stabling—the oaken timbers are grooved and ribbed with age. Here we may truly say,

“Sic transit gloria mundi!”

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## W O B U R N.

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[Denbigh Hall is the nearest point to Woburn, but when that station is abandoned, it will be necessary for the visitor to Woburn to alight at Leighton Buzzard.]

THIS particularly neat and clean town\* is situated on the western side of the county, bordering on Buckinghamshire, and consists chiefly of one street, formed by the road from Dunstable to Ampthill. Its importance is derived from the elegant mansion and extensive park in its vicinity belonging to the Duke of Bedford, more than from any remarkable events connected with its antiquity or history. On the 19th of June, 1724, great part of it was destroyed by fire: but this

\* We are partly indebted for this description of Woburn and the Abbey to the "Beauties of England and Wales."

unfortunate circumstance, though distressing to individuals, proved beneficial to the town;—for,

“Partial evil is universal good,”

as many houses were soon afterwards rebuilt in a more convenient and handsome manner, with the addition of some good inns and a market-house. The church was erected by Robert Hobbs, the late Abbot of Woburn. It then belonged to the abbey, and is still of exempt jurisdiction, being in the exclusive possession of the Duke of Bedford. This structure some years ago, furnished a whimsical instance of capricious taste;\* the body being completely detached from the tower, which stood at about six yards distance. The tower is a small square building, with large buttresses at the corners, and four pinnacles. The top is embrasured: the dial was about nine feet from the ground. The tower of the church is now joined to the body, and the dial elevated some twenty feet above its former situation. The church consists of three aisles, and a chancel; the latter was embellished in a handsome manner by the fourth Duke of Bedford. On the north side of this building is a

\* It is doubtful if what is here called “capricious taste” is not simply an imitation of the fashion of Italy, where there exist many instances of the tower (or belfry) being built entirely separate from the church. The most remarkable cases are those of Florence and Venice, where the “*Campanili*” or bell towers, form striking objects, standing alone in the vicinity of the church. The former is of great height and built entirely of marble. That of Venice is well known as the spot whence Galileo, in the pursuit of his astronomical studies, discovered the satellites of Jupiter in the year 1610.

curious marble monument for Sir Francis Stanton and family. It consists of two compartments, comprising twelve figures kneeling in devotional attitudes. The pulpit, probably coeval with the abbey, is particularly deserving of notice, being richly ornamented with carving in the florid Gothic style.

The munificence of the Russells has been of singular benefit to this town, where many monuments of their liberality exist. Francis, the first Earl of that name, founded and endowed a free-school: and a charity-school, for thirty boys and fifteen girls, which was afterwards erected by some other noble personage of the same family. These institutions are now consolidated. Here are likewise twelve alms-houses for as many poor families, built by John, Duke of Bedford, in consequence of an act of Parliament passed in the year 1762. By the act, fifteen houses, cottages and tenements which had been vested in trustees for the benefit of the poor, and produced an annual income of about twenty-four pounds were given to the Duke, for the sole use of him and his heirs; on condition that he, or they, should erect, and keep in repair, twelve houses, for the habitation of the same number of indigent families to whom also the sum of thirty pounds annually is to be distributed in bread. Birchmore-house, and the surrounding lands, were made responsible for the due execution of this contract.

There are few spots or places in our Island now become the site of extensive villages or towns, which are not remarkable in a greater or lesser degree for some natural curiosity, which in

early times was probably the original cause of the settlement of the place, and of its subsequent importance. In this neighbourhood there is no opportunity for pointing the attention of our readers to elevations, where extensive views can be enjoyed, nor is there a river to beautify the landscape. But the valleys have their wonders as well as the hills ; and those who know little or nothing of the locality of Woburn will probably be surprised to learn, that it was celebrated in the days of Adrian for a natural production, which has now become a source of permanent wealth. We allude to the PITS whence FULLER'S EARTH is dug in sufficient quantities for the supply of the whole kingdom. These Pits are situated two miles north of Woburn, in the parish of Wavendon (or "Wandon" as it is called) and about one-eighth of a mile on the western side of the Northampton road, which here forms the boundary between the two counties for upwards of a mile. The more ancient pit is in the county of Bedford, in the parish of Apsley, which adjoins that of Wavendon.

British cloth is chiefly indebted to the cleansing qualities of this celebrated earth, for its great superiority over that manufactured by other nations. In no other country is it found so free from foreign admixture, and no where, perhaps, is more adulteration practised, to meet competition in price. However, on account of its importance in the woollen trade, several severe laws have been made at different periods, since the reign of Charles the Second, to prevent its exportation. Nor are these acts of the British legislature without precedent, history

informing us, that the *fulling* business was an object of Roman attention, and that laws were expressly made by that nation, to regulate the employment.

This earth is a MARL, commonly of a greyish ash-coloured brown ; yet it greatly varies, and is found of different shades, from the very pale to the dusky, or almost black ; but always with a tinge of the yellowish green. The pit at Wavendon consists of two shafts ; one with a ladder for the convenience of the labourers, the other to raise the earth. The descent is very disagreeable and the inside of the pit very damp. The wood-work on the top and sides of the excavated angles, is continually wet, and almost covered with *Boletus Lachrymans* (Dry-rot Boletus). The strata are disposed in the following order :—

From the surface to the depth of six or seven feet, are several layers of sand, all of a reddish colour, but of different tints. Beneath is a thin stratum of sand-stone, and under this the fuller's earth. The upper stratum is about a foot thick, but being generally impure, or mixed with sand, it is thrown aside, and the rest is taken up for use. The earth is disposed in layers (commonly about eighteen inches between one horizontal fissure and another), continued to the depth of eight or ten feet. Between the central layers is a thin stratum of matter, of less than an inch thick, which in taste, colour and external appearance, bears a striking resemblance to Terra Japonica. Beneath the whole is a bed of rough white free-stone, about two feet thick ;



this is seldom dug through ; when it is, more strata of sand are discovered. The depth of the pit varies, it being from twenty to thirty feet below the surface.

The few authors who have written on the topography of this county, are unanimous in ascribing a petrifying quality to a small spring, said to be in the parish before mentioned, and not only the water, but the surrounding earth also, is reported to partake of the same property. Camden informs us, that those who belonged to the monastery, showed "a wooden ladder, which, after lying some time in the earth, was dug up all stone." The risible absurdity of this sentence can only be exceeded by the folly of Michael Drayton, poet laureate to James the First, who inserted the following lines on this subject in his *Poly-Olbion*.

"The brook which on her bank doth boast that earth alone,  
Which noted of this isle, converteth wood to stone,  
That little Aspley's earth we anciently instile,  
'Mongst sundry other things, a *wonder* of our isle."

This *wonder* of the poet, like many more extraordinary circumstances, had its nine days of admiration paid by the multitude. The story has now fallen into general discredit ; and we learn, from the most unquestionable authority, that there is no such spring in the parish ! yet we have heard of some bits of the petrified wood, said to have been obtained *here*, which appeared handsome when polished ; and also, that

a pair of buttons had been made of it. But we have said enough on a baseless subject ; and, as the stream is wanting, whose qualities could alone give the tale credibility, shall dismiss it with the common motto,

*“Ex nihilo nihil fit.”*

About one mile east of the town is

WOBURN ABBEY,

the seat of the Duke of Bedford. This extensive and magnificent pile of building is situated in the midst of a large park. Its effect is imposing and dignified.

The ground plan of this elegant mansion forms a square of more than two hundred feet, containing a quadrangular court in the inside. It was erected on the site of the old abbey, by John, the fourth Duke of the Russell family. The original building was founded in the year 1145, by Hugh de Bolebeck, a nobleman who had large possessions in the neighbourhood. It was intended for monks of the Cistercian order, a sect of religionists that sent many swarms into this country about the middle of the twelfth century. On the suppression of the religious houses, its revenues, according to Dugdale amounted to less than four hundred pounds. In the first year of Edward the sixth, it was granted, with many other ecclesiastical estates

to John, afterwards Lord Russell, a gentleman who was, honoured with several employments by Henry the Eighth. In his family the possession has ever since remained.

The new building has had many considerable alterations and improvements, particularly since it has been in the possession of the two last noble owners. The west front is built of the Ionic order, with a rusticated basement. The principal floor, or suite of rooms, on this side, consists of a saloon, state bedroom, drawing and dining-rooms: the south contains the library, breakfast, etruscan, and duke's room; the east, the vestibule; and the north, the French bed-rooms, and various other chambers. The collection of pictures in the apartments is extensive, and chiefly remarkable for the predominance of portraits of historical characters. We refer the reader to the catalogue of them, and the other works of art contained in the mansion, which will be found on the spot. The apartments are open to public inspection on Mondays only.

When part of the abbey was taken down in 1744, a corpse was discovered, the flesh of which was so sound as to bear cutting with a knife, though it must have been interred at least 200 years. Soon afterwards, on pulling down one of the walls of the abbey-church, a stone coffin was found, which consisted of several loose stones set in the ground; and in sinking a cellar, several more stone coffins were discovered, some of them very large, being six feet eight inches long in the inside; they had all a place shaped for a head, and most of





**The LANTI, or BEDFORD VASE, from an outline engraving belonging to  
HENRY G. BOHN, Esq.**

them two or three holes at the bottom, doubtless to allow the percolation of moisture. Near them were two pots or urns, which probably contained the hearts of some who had been buried there. On a scull belonging to some bones, which lay in a dense blue clay, was some black cloth, which might have been a monk's cowl. Pieces of shoes were also found.

From the Duke's apartments on the south side of the building, a covered way, or piazza, leads to the

#### GALLERY OF SCULPTURE,

a splendid building, 140 feet in length, containing a rich collection of antique and modern works of art; but what renders it peculiarly interesting to the connoisseur and artist, is the great LANTI VASE,\* a curiosity demanding some detail.

“This celebrated Bacchanalian Vase was purchased by the Duke from the noble collection of Lord Cawdor, in June, 1800, for seven hundred guineas. It is of the *lotus* form, bell-shaped, and was most probably consecrated to the god Bacchus, as may be concluded from the finely-sculptured bacchanalian masks, and other features that accompany it. It must, therefore, have been used either as a laver, or as a symbol only of this part of the heathen mythology, and for no other use; for it is certain that no wine was ever poured into it.

“This superb monument of antique decoration was dug up

\* See Engraving.

some centuries ago, among the ruins of Adrian's villa, together with the fragments of three other vases of nearly similar dimensions, all of which appeared, by the situation in which they were found, to have occupied the same spot of that once extensive and magnificent emporium of art. It was then removed to the villa Lanti, near Rome, where for many years it attracted the notice, and excited the admiration of both the traveller and the artist. *This, and one at Warwick Castle, which is somewhat more decorated, are the only complete vases of the same dimensions and antiquity extant*; and are, unquestionably, the most magnificent and noble sculptured specimens of antique decoration of this kind ever discovered.

"The Lanti vase was brought from Rome, half a century ago, at a considerable risk and expense, by the Right Honourable Lord Cawdor, on whose classical taste and judgment it must ever confer the highest credit. The removal of this grand work of art from that city, caused great jealousy among the superintendants of the Vatican Museum, then forming under the auspices of the reigning pontiff, the late Pius VI.; who, it is well known, in his resentment on this occasion, threatened several persons concerned in the removal of the vase, with the gallies.

"The dimensions of it are: diameter of the mole, six feet three inches; height, with its present plinth, six feet nine inches."

Another account of this vase states, that "it is supposed to

have been reserved for lustrations, and other ceremonies in which water was employed as a representative of purity, and was used before persons could be admitted to the Dionysian mysteries, and therefore may probably have stood in ancient times at the entrance of a Temple of Bacchus. By some, it is supposed, large as it is, that it was used for festive purposes at the splendid banquets of Adrian. It is mentioned by some ancient writers, that six hundred amphoræ\* of wine were mixed in one vase on such occasions."

The sculptured masks which encircle it are eight in number. They display great force and beauty of execution, of which our engraving gives but an imperfect idea. Each mask would, of itself, make a picture of great interest.

One of the ancestors of the Russell family was Constable of Corfe Castle in the year 1221. They may date the era of their greatness to a violent storm, which happened about the year 1500, on the coast of Dorset. Philip, Archduke of Austria, son of the Emperor Maximilian, being on a voyage to Spain, was obliged by the fury of a sudden tempest, to take refuge in the harbour of Weymouth. He was received on shore, and accommodated, by Sir Thomas Trenchard, who invited his relation, Mr. John Russell, to wait upon the Archduke. Philip was so much pleased with the polite manners and cultivated talents of Mr. Russell, who was conversant with both the French

\* The Roman amphora was seven gallons, which gives as the contents of one of these vases, 4200 gallons, or exactly 70 hogsheads!



and German languages, that, on arriving at Court, he recommended him to the notice of Henry the Seventh, who immediately sent for him to his palace, where he remained in great favour until the king's death. In the estimation of Henry the Eighth he rose still higher, since by that Monarch he was made Lord Warden of the Stannaries, Lord Admiral of England and Ireland, Knight of the Garter, and Lord Privy Seal; and, in 1538, was created Baron Russell, of Cheney, in the county of Bucks; which estate he afterwards acquired by marriage. At the coronation of Edward the Sixth, he officiated as Lord High Steward; and two years afterwards, in the year 1549, was made Earl of Bedford. He died in 1554, and was buried at Cheney, where many of his descendants have also been interred. He was succeeded by his son Francis. On his death in the year 1585, the estates and titles devolved to his grandson Edward, whose father had been slain by the Scotch but two days before. Edward died in the year 1627, and was succeeded by his cousin Francis, whose great plan of draining the level of the fens, added vast sums to his annual income. He died in 1641, and was succeeded by his eldest son, William, whose impartiality induced him to coincide occasionally with the measures of both parties during the dreadful contest between Charles the first and his parliament. He was at one period, General of the Horse, in the army of the latter. Though he had no less than seven sons, he appears to have outlived them all; for, on his death, in 1700, his honours

and estates devolved on his grandson, Wriothesley; who, dying of the small-pox in 1711, was succeeded by Wriothesley his son, who was then only about six years of age: he dying in 1732, was succeeded by his brother, John, who was employed in the management of many important affairs, particularly in the year 1763, when he negotiated the peace of Versailles. Francis, the fifth duke, succeeded his grandfather in 1771; his father, the successor apparent, the accomplished Marquis of Tavistock, being killed by falling from his horse in 1767. John Russell the sixth, and present Duke, was born 7th of July, 1766, having succeeded his brother the 2nd of March 1802. The Ducal honours came to the family in 1694.

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## STONEY STRATFORD.

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FROM the present temporary station at Denbigh Hall, the above town stands on the great high road called the Watling Street, five miles and a half distant. When the next opening of the Railroad takes place, its situation from the Wolverton Station, will be about three miles, or half way from London to Birmingham. Stoney Stratford can boast of antiquity, having been called in Roman times "*Lactodorum*," which signified a river forded by means of stepping-stones. The river is the Ouse, and runs at the north end of the town towards Buckingham. At one of the inns, Richard the Third when Duke of Gloucester, accompanied by the Duke of Buckingham, seized the Prince Edward, son of Edward the Fourth, and arrested Lord Richard Grey and Sir Thomas Vaughan. At Passenham, one mile distant, the army of Edward the Elder was stationed, whilst he fortified Towcester. These are the chief events by which its history has been marked in the olden time.

In the month of May, 1742, a dreadful conflagration destroyed nearly two thirds of the east side of the town. This was the era of wooden buildings, and such events were common. The body of the Church of St. Mary Magdalen was burnt, but the Tower being spared, now stands alone, a relic of the event, keeping watch like a mighty giant over the numerous graves with which the church-yard is filled.

Stoney Stratford extends a mile on each side of the road, and so regularly is this order of building preserved, that even the Church of St. Giles, on the west side, takes its place in the rank, abutting upon the street. There are no ancient monuments, and but few modern ones. The only inscription deserving of notice is in honour of a reverend pluralist,

“ Leonard Sedgwick, M. A., who was forty-five years minister of the church, Rector of Thornton and Prebendary of Lincoln—who, whilst his health and strength would permit, was faithful and diligent in the discharge of all the branches of his pastoral office and died in 1747.”

The curfew, or eight o'clock bell, is rung here in the winter months, and also a bell at five o'clock in the morning all the year. Until recently, this bell was sounded at four o'clock, but the churchwardens, as the old sexton stated, decided that “ four was too early to disturb the inhabitants.” This ringing is of course a relic of the matins of the Catholic Church.

The trade of the place does not appear to be of a lucrative character, since not even a little oil, or gas, is afforded to illuminate the streets at night, which, when the moon deigns not to shine, are enveloped in truly Cimmerian darkness, with the exception only of a glimmering lamp at the doors of the inns.

The bustle occasioned by the arrival and departure of coaches about mid-day and midnight is sufficiently remarkable, since the place with its multitude of inns may be compared to a great "half way house," between the metropolis and a number of towns in the north of England. By the establishment of the station at Denbigh Hall, it has received a temporary accession of transit business, which, however, together with the old trade, must disappear when the Railroad takes its next stride towards Birmingham. After the times when the glut of coaches has passed, and in the evening particularly, the very *stones* of Stoney Stratford would be upon the *qui vive*, if any unusual sound were to disturb their rest. The immediate neighbourhood appears to be destitute of any particular attractions for a visitor.

One of the Crosses erected by King Edward the First to the memory of his beloved consort, Eleanor, formerly stood in the centre of this town; but during the civil wars, the puritans, in the barbarous warfare which they insanely carried on against works of taste, demolished this pile, imagining that a monument sacred to conjugal affection, was a desecration of the land which their ferocity was permitted to ravage and degrade.

## THE ROMAN VILLA.

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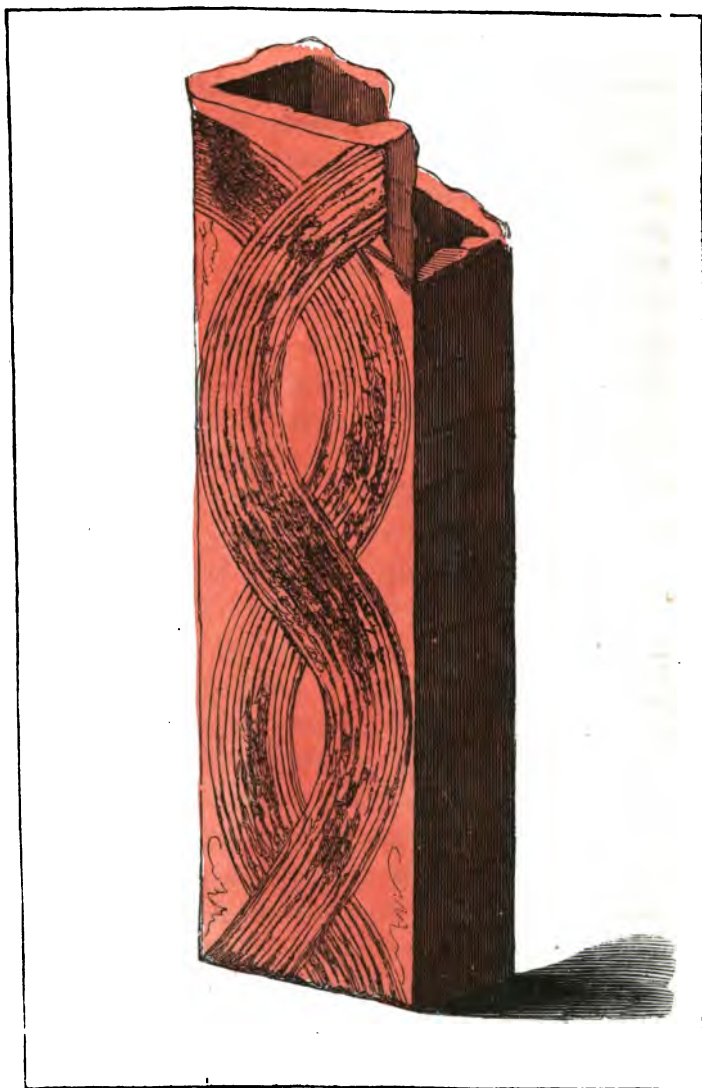
Six miles from Stoney Stratford and exactly two miles from Buckingham, in a field on the right hand as the traveller passes from the former towards the latter town, are seen the excavations of this newly discovered remains of a Roman dwelling—a “Villa,” or country residence, probably of some governor of the province of *Flavia Cæsariensis*, which comprehended within its division the county of Buckingham; afterwards, under the Saxons, a part of Mercia. From Stoney Stratford, on the great Roman road (the Watling Street), there branched off one of the vicinal ways, or cross roads, towards Buckingham, then, no doubt, a Roman station, since it is known to have been the scene of wars between that powerful people and the Aborigines of the Island. Some intelligent inhabitant of the county in which this discovery has been made, will, doubtless, amply satisfy the public curiosity.

by details of the present condition, and plans of the numerous apartments originally comprising the Villa, although a superficial description here, may, in the interim, not be entirely unworthy of perusal. There is no standard for the value to be attached to, or for the interest to be felt, in contemplating works of antiquity. It is not enough to say that "splendid" remains are to be seen in other parts of the Island, or, that because an individual has walked over the resuscitated streets of Pompeii, therefore a Roman ruin of a less magnificent character is to be disregarded. The pleasure derived from such scenes, is that which carries the mind back to the time of a great people, now extinct—the examining the works of hands which have long since passed into dust, and the pacing of apartments tenanted by unknown families, who have left no vestige of their rank, but the places where they ate, drank, slept, and bathed. It is such considerations as these which, in our opinion, render *any* object of antiquity, however mean in character, worthy of examination.

It is a habit with the honest but unlearned portion of the public, to associate with all that is ancient, the abbeys and monasteries of the country, all of which Henry the VIII. enjoys the reputation of having ruined. The name of Cromwell is equally famous for the destruction of castles and decapitating statues. Thus in the neighbourhood of this Roman villa, you will be told, that "it might have been an abbey or a monastery; for there were *baths*, and all that."







Joint of the *Caminus*, or flue, for conveying Steam into the *Sudatoria*, or vapour baths, discovered in the Roman Villa near Buckingham.

Baths in a monastery ! Such indulgences were not always among the luxuries of the monastic times. The Romans "did" as "they do at Rome." Whatever country they conquered or settled, their fashions and customs were carried thither ; just as in our day the English have introduced *horse races* into France. No Roman house of any note was without its baths, and there having already been discovered *several* in the villa in question, sufficiently proves that it has been the habitation of no mean nor obscure individual.

It is because the *floors* of the apartments and the foundations of the building are all that remain, that we are more particularly attracted to the *baths*. The uses of other rooms can only be conjectured from their relative positions, their size, and the quality of material and workmanship of the tessellated pavement.

The usual suite of baths was the *Frigidarium* (or cold) ; the *Tepidarium* (or warm) ; and the *Sudatoria* (sweating or vapour) baths. The *Apodytorium* was the undressing-room. All these are found at BUCKINGHAM VILLA. The engraved plate shews an exact representation of one of the joints of the flues by which the steam was conveyed from the furnace to the *Sudatoria*. The flues are, in places, single—in others, in pairs. On a close inspection of the interior of the flue, it is found that a considerable decomposition of the clay has taken place from the action of the steam. The exterior, on the contrary, is as fresh and angular as when it came out of the hands of the potter. The pattern upon two of its sides was stamped by a tool of a

serpentine form, having twelve lines or grooves, and the entire figure was produced by turning the tool, or stamping twice. It is worthy of remark, that the grooved sides are all placed *against each other*; evidently a contrivance to keep them in their places, and apparently to supersede or economize the use of mortar or cement. The general plan of the baths at Pompeii are thus described by Sir William Gell :

“ The furnace was round, and had, in the lower part of it, two pipes which transmitted hot air under the pavements and between the walls of the vapour baths, which were built hollow for that purpose. Close to the furnace, at a distance of four inches, a round vacant place remains, in which was placed the copper (*Caldarium*) for boiling water, near which, with the same interval between them, was situated the copper for warm water (*tepidarium*); and at the distance of two feet from this, was the receptacle for cold water (*frigidarium*), which was square. A constant communication was maintained between these vessels, so that as fast as hot water was drawn off from the *caldarium*, the void was supplied from the *tepidarium*, which being already considerably heated, did but slightly reduce the temperature of the hotter boiler. The *tepidarium* in its turn, was supplied from a tank, and that from an aqueduct, so that the heat which was not taken up by the first boiler, passed on to the second, and instead of being wasted, did its office in preparing the contents of the second for the higher temperature which it was to obtain in the first. *It is but lately this principle*

*has been introduced into modern furnaces, but its use in reducing the consumption of fuel is well known."*

The floors of all the rooms are covered with *tessare*, or mosaic pavement, formed out of two materials—red clay, and a greyish stone. The former is generally placed round the apartment in a border of about two feet wide, whilst the latter occupies the centre. The effect produced is that of a carpet. These mosaics are in general square, and vary in diameter from an inch to two inches; the latter size indicating apartments of inferior grade, probably those of the domestics. One room of a superior order, measures eighteen feet square. The *tessare* were embedded in mortar, but of a loose kind; and, indeed, the workmanship throughout the entire building is of a rough character. The upper surfaces of the floors are worn smooth—a sure indication that they were trodden for many years by their anonymous inhabitants.

At this point we feel that we have already gone beyond the limit we prescribed to ourselves at starting, which was, to attempt sketches of places within about five miles on either side of the Railway; but being unable to resist the attractions of antiquity, we found it equally difficult to deny ourselves the pleasure of a visit to the magnificent domain of the Duke of Buckingham, "Stowe Park," to which we propose now to direct the attention of our readers. It may be reached either by way of the village of Maid's Moreton, or Buckingham. Heretofore, those who read of the beauties of Stowe, and of the rare and magnificent objects which it contains, could not

contrive to view them without the sacrifice of several days ; the chief part of which time would be consumed in *travelling*. In future, by means of the Railway, the object (including an inspection of the Roman Villa) may be easily compassed within twelve or thirteen hours. Leaving London or Birmingham in the morning by the early train, the traveller will be at Wolverton, when the line is open so far, by a quarter past nine ; thence the distance to the village of Stowe is but ten miles, which may easily be reached by eleven. Allowing four hours to be spent in the grounds and palace, there will still be time enough to dine and return to Wolverton for the five o'clock or a later train ; and on week days, those who choose to defer their return until the last departure, may add three hours to the time allowed above, and yet be home shortly after ten o'clock at night. Many who in this "land of shopkeepers" could not formerly venture on the expedition without making a considerable sacrifice of valuable time, may now indulge their taste at a comparatively trifling expense and without fatigue.

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## BUCKINGHAM.

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THIS ancient town is considered by the best authorities, as the spot where the Roman general, Aulus Plautius, surprised and routed the Britons under the command of the valiant Caractacus, and of a less celebrated British king, called Togodumnus. There is a marvellous story connected with it of one St. Rumbald, who, according to the legend, "lived but three days, during which period he professed himself a Christian, performed miracles, and made a will, bequeathing his body to be deposited in the church at Buckingham for ever, after it had previously rested at King's Sutton (which had the honour of giving him birth) for one year, and at Brackley for two years." This tale, *generated by craft and credited by ignorance*, in the dark ages, proved a source of considerable revenue to Buckingham, where several inns were established for the accommodation of the numerous pilgrims, whom

superstitious credulity induced to make offerings at his shrine. Leaving, however, *fiction* for *history*, we find that,

A.D. 918. Edward the Elder resided here for a short time, and caused two forts to be built and garrisoned on each side of the river, to repel the Danes.

941.—The town was ravaged by Danish soldiers.

1010.—The Danes having plundered the adjacent country, retreated to Buckingham to secure the spoils of the war.

1066.—It was the only borough in the county; was an inconsiderable place, “and only taxed for one hide.”

In the reign of Edward III. its importance was increased by that prince making it a mart for wool; but the trade being removed to Calais, it again declined.

In the 27th year of Henry VIII., it was enumerated amongst the *decayed Cities* and Towns, for whose relief an act of Parliament was then passed, and the assizes, previously held here, were removed to Aylesbury.

In 1724.—a dreadful fire happened, when, out of 387 houses, 138 were entirely consumed; the damage being estimated at £40,000. Since this accident its trade has in a small degree revived, and part of the “county business” brought back, as is testified by an inscrip-

tion over the door of the gaol, attributing its erection in 1758, to Lord Cobham. This building is a square, battlemented, ugly burlesque on a castle, and stands isolated in the centre of the town; but it is in contemplation to remove it, and the sooner that resolution is carried into effect, the better.

#### THE CHURCH

was built in 1777, at an expense of £9,000, of which £7,000 was contributed by Earl Temple, and £2,000 raised by life annuities, the interest being charged upon the poor's rates, which (together with the hard times in 1801) raised the poor's rates to 22s. in the pound. The interior is on the plan of the Portland Chapel, in London. The altar is embellished with a copy of Raphael's "Transfiguration." *No interments are permitted in, or near the Church, nor funeral ceremonies allowed to be performed.*

The river *Ouse* winds round three sides of the town. There still remains a house anciently known by the name of the "Wool-Hall."

There is a free-school, founded about 1540, by Isabel Denton. The town is a dull place, and we hasten to conclude our account of it—

——"So much for *Buckingham*!"





## STOWE.

THE earliest account of the *Manor* of Stowe is contained in "Domesday book," which states, that in the reign of Edward the Confessor, its value was 60s. and that it was held of the Bishop of Bayeaux,\* in Lower Normandy, by Robert Dayley and Roger Ivory. In 1088 the Bishop was dispossessed of his lands, when *Robert and Roger* obtained them, and divided the Manor, *Stowe* being retained by *Robert*, who founded a church in his castle at Oxford, and endowed it with this domain. Henry VIII. erected the abbey into a cathedral. Queen Elizabeth granted it to three gentlemen who conveyed it to John Temple, Esq, in 1592, who was of a family which traced their maternal descent from Leofric, Earl of Mercia. In 1714 the estate devolved to Viscount Cobham, who died 1749, and was succeeded by Hester, wife of Richard Grenville, Esq. of Wootton, who was created Countess Cobham a month after her brother's decease. Thus the family of the Grenvilles

\* Bayeaux is four miles from the English Channel and fifteen miles from Caen. In the cathedral of this town (which has three towers) there is a piece of tapestry, representing the history of the conquest of England by William the First, on a vast linen web, four hundred and forty-two feet long and two broad; and supposed to have been executed by Matilda, the Conqueror's wife, or the Empress Matilda, daughter of Henry I.

attained possession of the manor, estates, and titles ; the present owner being created " Marquis of Buckingham," in 1784.

Stowe,\* when beheld at a distance, appears like a vast grove interspersed with columns, obelisks, and towers, which apparently emerge from a luxuriant mass of foliage. The gardens obtained their distinguished celebrity from the alterations effected by Lord Cobham, under whose direction the groves were planted, the lawns laid out, many of the buildings erected, and the corridors and wings added to the north front of the house. The gardens were begun when an affected regularity was the mode ; when straight paths, canals, avenues, and fountains, were considered as the greatest beauties ; and the formalities of art studiously displayed in every shape of monstrous deformity.

" The suffering eye inverted Nature sees ;  
Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees."

Stowe partook of the general incongruity ; and the graceful variety of Nature was tortured into stiffness and absurdity. This state of things, however, is now changed. The gardens have been altered with the times, and the natural beauty of the situation allowed to display itself.

The first professional artist employed to lay out the grounds was Bridgeman, whose plans and drawings of their features at that period, are still in the possession of the Marquis. Some

\* The descriptive particulars of the grounds and adjuncts of Stowe park are abridged from Britten and Brayley's " Beauties of England and Wales," to which excellent work we are also indebted for many other facts dispersed over this volume.

of the absurdities left by Bridgeman were removed by Kent, who was consulted in the double capacity of architect and gardener. To this "father of modern gardening" is Stowe indebted for many of its distinguished ornaments. "Mahomet," says Mr. Walpole, "*imagined* an Elysium; but Kent *created* many." Several other amateurs and artists have successively directed alterations here, and most of them have left some specimen of their respective partialities. While the formal mode of gardening prevailed, Stowe led the fashion, and many aped its incongruities; yet, to the honour of the taste and judgment of this country, the formalities of system are nearly abolished; and nature, ever beautiful and ever varying, is justly considered as the proper archetype to be imitated in modern pleasure grounds. Some of the most elegant and correct writers have classed the varieties of scenery under three peculiar and distinct characters: the beautiful, the picturesque, and the sublime. Few domains in the kingdom can boast the possession of all these characters; yet the two first, and a very considerable portion of the latter, may be found at Stowe, where the beautiful is apparent in its parterres, elegant buildings, and flower-gardens; the picturesque, though not a prominent feature, can easily be seen in the embowered groves, grottos, and heads of the lake; and the grand, bordering on sublimity, certainly belongs to its noble mansion, and the extensive views which it commands, where

"The soft distance, melting from the eye,  
Dissolves its form into the azure sky."

The first architectural object which attracts attention is a

CORINTHIAN ARCH,

or Gateway, sixty feet high by sixty wide, erected on the brow of a hill, one mile from the south front of the house, after a design of Thomas Pitt, Lord Camelford. The principal approach is conducted through this building, where a grand display of the mansion, groves, temples, obelisks and water, are at once presented to the admiring spectator. At a short distance from the arch is one of the entrances to the gardens. These extensive and highly decorated grounds contain about four hundred acres, diversified with a great number of distinct scenes, each distinguished with taste and fancy, and each having a complete character of its own, independent of other objects. The whole is enclosed within a sunken fence, which extends nearly four miles in circumference, and is accompanied by a broad gravel walk, skirted with rows of lofty elms. This path leads to many of the buildings, and to several interesting scenes, admitting occasional peeps into the surrounding park, and views of the distant country. Near this entrance are two

IONIC PAVILIONS,

originally designed by Kent, but since altered by Signor Borra, architect to the late King of Sardinia. In the front of these buildings the water spreads out to a considerable lake, which divides itself into two branches, and retires through beautiful

valleys to the east and to the north. The upper end is concealed amidst a mass of woods, here it falls over some artificial ruins, and again extends its broad bosom to reflect the variegated scenery. The path westward leads to a rude pile of buildings, called the HERMITAGE, and also to the

TEMPLE OF VENUS,

which was designed and executed by Kent. This is a square building, decorated with Ionic columns, connected by semi-circular arcades to a pavilion at each extremity. The

QUEEN'S STATUE

is situated on the side of a hill, and completely enveloped with trees. The figure of Queen Caroline is supported by four Ionic columns. Hence the path leads to the

BOYCOTT PAVILION,

designed by Vanburgh : and the principal entrance gate, designed by Kent. Returning towards the house, we discover the

TEMPLE OF BACCHUS.

built from a design of Vanburgh, whence the view is particularly beautiful. In the centre of a large lawn, encircled with trees, is

THE ROTUNDA,

raised upon ten Ionic columns, and ornamented in the centre with a statue of Bacchus. Beyond this, the lake spreads its

pellucid waters, reflecting the Temple of Venus and its richly wooded scenery.

These are the principal objects on the south and west sides of the garden. On the east is the entrance to the

#### ELYSIUM FIELDS,

where the figures of heroes, poets, and philosophers seem to justify the name. This part is watered by a small rivulet, which flowing from the grotto, passes through a valley ornamented with a number of fine old trees, and then empties itself into the lake. The valley includes some of the most charming views, and objects in the whole district.

#### A DORIC ARCH ;

decorated with the statues of Apollo and the Muses, leads from the Parterre into the Elysium Fields. This building is situated on an eminence, and inscribed to Her Royal Highness, Princess Sophia Amelia, who on visiting Stowe in the year 1766, was complimented with some verses by the late Countess Temple. Through the Arch the

#### PALLADIAN BRIDGE

is seen, and a castellated Lodge built on the opposite hill. On the right is the TEMPLE OF FRIENDSHIP ; on the left are the TEMPLES OF ANCIENT VIRTUE and of

#### BRITISH WORTHIES ;

the one in an elevated situation, the other near the water's

edge. The three latter buildings are decorated with statues and busts of those persons who have been most distinguished for military, moral, and literary merit. By placing here the meed of valour, and paying a just tribute to departed genius, the character intended to be given to the spot is poetically expressed; and the ideas excited, teach us to respect merit, and emulate the actions which lead to fame.

The Temple of Ancient Virtue is a circular building of the Ionic order, embowered "within the thicket's gloomy shade," and admirably adapted for pensive meditation. The dome is supported by sixteen columns. The inside is decorated with four statues by Scheemaker.

The Temple of British Worthies is a semi-circular building, erected on the banks of the upper lake, after a design by Kent. It contains the busts of the following celebrated characters, with appropriate inscriptions:—ALEXANDER POPE, SIR THOS. GRESHAM, IGNATIUS JONES, JOHN MILTON, WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, JOHN LOCKE, SIR ISAAC NEWTON, SIR FRANCIS BACON, LORD VERULAM, KING ALFRED, EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, QUEEN ELIZABETH, KING WILLIAM III., SIR WALTER RALEIGH, SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, JOHN HAMPDEN, SIR JOHN BARNARD.

#### THE GROTTA

is situated in a romantic dell, and composed of broken stones, pebbles, flints, shells, spars, and other materials. It consists

of two caverns: from the lowermost, the water flows into a rivulet ornamented with several small islands, and overshadowed by a variety of intersecting branches. Fossils, petrifications, and spars, constitute the inside of the grotto, which is also decorated with two white marble basons, and a statue of Venus, apparently rising from the bath. A mirror placed behind this statue reflects the whole scene with considerable effect. In this romantic spot, George the Fourth dined when he visited Stowe.

#### THE TEMPLE OF CONCORD AND VICTORY

is a large handsome building, of an oblong shape, decorated with twenty-eight fluted Ionic columns. This is acknowledged to be one of the most chaste and elegant ornamented structures in the kingdom; and as long as it continues to exist, the architect will need no other monument to record his taste and judgment. It was originally designed by Kent, who nearly followed the shape and measurements of the "*Maison Carrée*" at Nismes;\* but the internal decorations were completed in 1763 by Signor Borra, when the late Lord Temple gave it the appellation which it now bears, to perpetuate the remembrance of the peace then ratified at Fontaniebleau.

\* The "*Maison Carrée*" at Nismes in France, is an *oblong* square building—its present being its modern name. Anciently it was a Roman Temple. The town of Nismes also boasts of a Roman Amphitheatre in excellent preservation; Baths, Fountains, Statues, and other antiquities; and is supposed, with the exception of Rome, to contain more Roman remains than any other city of Europe.



## LORD COBHAM'S PILLAR,

on the other side of the valley, is one hundred and fifteen feet high, surmounted with a statue of his Lordship. It was originally designed by Gibbs, but has been altered by Valdré, who enlarged the pedestal, in order to receive four lions, that are now placed on the angles. The view from the top will repay the trouble of ascending.

Near this column is a beautiful temple, called

## THE QUEEN'S BUILDING,

originally designed by Kent, since whose time it has been augmented by a Corinthian portico, leading to a large, elegant room, decorated with scagliola columns and pilasters, supporting a trunk ceiling, executed from the design of "the Temple of the Sun and Moon" at Rome.

On the opposite side of a deep valley, is the most picturesque and curious building in the gardens, denominated

## THE GOTHIC TEMPLE.

This is a triangular building, with a pentagonal tower at each corner; one of which rises to the height of seventy feet, and terminates with battlements and pinnacles; the others are surmounted with domes. The whole is constructed with a brownish stone, and being seated on the brow of a hill, forms an interesting object from many parts of the gardens. The inside is richly ornamented with light columns, and various

pointed arches: and the windows are glazed with a fine collection of old painted glass, on which a variety of sacred subjects and armorial bearings are represented. The principal room is circular: and its dome is ornamented with the descents and intermarriages of the Temple family, in a regular series of armorial bearings, from the Saxon Earls of Leicester, to the late Lord Viscount Cobham, and Hester, Countess of Temple, his sister and heiress. Two of the towers contain small circular chapels, decorated with painted glass, of the armorial bearings of different families. In the other tower is the stair-case leading to the gallery on the second story, where there are two other small chapels, with the arms of the Saxon heptarchy. This stair-case leads to the top of the highest tower, where a very extensive view is obtained, comprehending the greater part of the domain.

In a woody recess, near the temple, are some good statues by Rysbrack, of the seven Saxon deities who gave names to the days of the week; on each of which is a Saxon inscription. At the bottom of a gentle declivity is

#### THE PALLADIAN BRIDGE,

so denominated from being built after a design by the celebrated Italian architect Palladio of Vicenza. It has one large, and four small arches, and is decorated with a balustrade on each side, and sixteen Ionic columns supporting a roof. This bridge is built of the same shape and dimensions as that at Wilton in

Wiltshire, the seat of Lord Pembroke. Near it is,

THE TEMPLE OF FRIENDSHIP,

built in the Tuscan style of architecture, and ornamented with a portico, supported by four columns. The inside is furnished with busts of the following celebrated and noble personages:—  
FREDERIC, PRINCE OF WALES, EARL CHESTERFIELD, EARL WESTMORELAND, EARL MARCHMONT, LORD COBHAM, LORD GOWER, LORD BATHURST, RICHARD GRENVILLE, LATE EARL TEMPLE, WILLIAM PITT, LATE EARL OF CHATHAM, GEORGE, LATE LORD LITTLETON.

We cannot help objecting to the taste which suggested the placing such beautiful objects of art as these marble busts, which have all, apparently, been executed by the first masters, in so gloomy a building. They would be more “at home” in the *Library* of the noble Duke.

The remaining objects on this side of the gardens, are

THE PEBBLE ALCOVE, AND CONGREVE'S MONUMENT,

executed from a design by Kent. This is decorated with emblematic devices, expressive of the poet's peculiar bent of genius in dramatic compositions. On the top sits a monkey viewing himself in a glass.

Such are the principal objects in these celebrated gardens, where, as Walpole observes, “the rich landscapes occasioned by the multiplicity of temples and obelisks, and the various pictures that present themselves as we change our situation, occasion both surprise and pleasure, sometimes recalling Alban's

landscapes to our mind; and oftener to our fancy, the idolatrous and luxurious vales of Daphne and Tempe."

## THE HOUSE

is situated on an eminence, rising gradually from the lake to the south front, which is the principal entrance. It covers a large extent of ground, and measures from east to west (with the offices,) nine hundred and sixteen feet, of which the central four hundred and fifty-four include the principal apartments. These range on each side the saloon, and communicate with each other by a series of doors, placed in a direct line. The south or garden front is composed of a centre, two colonnades, and two pavilion wings, the same height as the centre. This side has a rusticated basement, and is adorned with a great number of Corinthian and Ionic columns and pilasters. The design of this front has been attributed to Mr. Wyatt; but we are assured that no professional architect was employed, and that it owes its composition wholly to the Lords Cobham and Camelford. The portico, or loggia, is approached by a flight of thirty-one steps, at the bottom of which are two massive lions, executed after the model of those in the garden vestibule of the "Villa Medici" at Rome. The loggia is formed by six Corinthian columns, and two pilasters, which support a projecting pediment. The inside is decorated with thirteen figures in basso-relievo, representing a sacrifice to Bacchus; and

also four colossal female statues, and two fine antique figures in white marble, of Cybele and Juno.

The Mansion now under consideration, is vast in its proportions, and grand in its decorations, perhaps, in a degree, equal to any noble residence of which this kingdom can boast, but as respects the interior, having no wish to interfere with those who prepare them, we refer the reader to the "Guide Books," which are never wanting in or near any spot of great interest in this country. The Saloon, the Halls, the Drawing-Rooms, the State Galleries, State Dressing-Rooms, and State Bed-Chambers, State Closets, Music-Room, and Library of Stowe, have in the "Guide," each and all a due share of consideration and detail, which in this case they well deserve. It is almost a truism to say, that an enumeration of the mere titles and qualities of Pictures, is a dull affair, and particularly so to readers. We preferred trusting to our own impressions, and amongst the Pictures, observed originals or "chef-d'œuvres" of almost every eminent master of ancient and modern times, and of course embracing subjects of every variety of historical interest. In selecting a trio, for the sake of adding a few words of Biography and anecdote to each, it is not intended to disparage any other of the crowd of worthy and eminent individuals, who gaze upon each other in the magnificent apartments at Stowe.

ELEANOR GWYNN;

whole length portrait by Sir Peter Lely. "Nell," the

facetious mistress of the inconstant Charles, was the daughter of a tradesman in low circumstances, and her employment in the early part of her life, was equally menial with her origin. From selling oranges at a theatre, her budding beauty and sprightly disposition advanced her to the stage; and her genius being adapted to the airy, fantastic exhibitions of the comic Muse, she became the general favourite of the votaries of Thalia. Mrs. Gwynn was of small stature, and Dryden, through whose patronage she had performed some superior characters, caused her to speak an epilogue under the shade of a hat of the circumference of a large coach-wheel, as lately represented at Drury-Lane Theatre. The singularity of her appearance, and her archness of enunciation, convulsed the house with laughter, and was the immediate precursor of her elevation to the monarch's favour. The coach-wheel was to her the wheel of Fortune. Charles was then in the theatre, and on the conclusion of the performance invited her to supper, and conveyed her home in his own carriage. This sudden advance of circumstances seems to have had very little influence on her temper. She still continued gay, wild, and sportive—qualities which so effectually endeared her to the King, that all the beauty of his other mistresses could never deprive her of his affection. Her ingenious levity of speech, and acute penetration, may be illustrated by a short anecdote. Charles was frequently at variance with his Council and Parliament; and one day when the remonstrances of his subjects, and debates in his Cabinet,

had much affected him, he entered her apartments in a very pensive mood, and, on her requesting information as to the cause of his melancholy, exclaimed: "O! Nell! Nell! what can I do to please the people of England? I am torn in pieces by their clamours."—"There is one way left," said the shrewd Eleanor; "but the expedient, I am afraid, it will be difficult to persuade you to embrace."—"What is that?" asked the King, in a tone expressive of curiosity. "Only dismiss your *ladies*, and mind your business," replied Nell, "the people will soon be pleased." She died at her house in Pall-Mall, in the year 1691.

## JOSEPH ADDISON,

the moral and elegant author of the *Spectator*, is painted by Kneller. The following extracts from a letter, not generally known, sent by Addison to a lady whom he had formerly loved, and from whom he received certain hints impossible to be misunderstood, convey a very exalted idea of the purity of his heart.

"It would be ridiculous in me, after the late intimation you were pleased to favour me with, to affect any longer an ignorance of your sentiments, however opposite an approbation of them must be to the dictates of reason and justice. This expression, I am sensible, may appear inconsistent in the mouth of a *polite* man, but I hope it is no disgrace to a sincere one. In matters of importance, *delicacy* ought to give way to *truth*,

and *ceremony* must be sacrificed to *candour*. An honest freedom is the privilege of ingenuity, and the mind which is above the practice of *deceit*, can never stoop to be guilty of *flattery*. You have passions you say, Madam ; give me leave to answer, you have understanding also : you have a heart susceptible of the tenderest impressions ; but a soul, if you choose to awaken it, beyond an unwarrantable indulgence of them ; and let me entreat you, for your own sake, to resist any giddy impulse or ill-placed inclination, which shall induce you to entertain a thought prejudicial to your honour and repugnant to your virtue."

After mentioning the affection he had conceived for her while single, he adds,

"Time and absence at length abated a hopeless passion, and your marriage with my patron effectually cured it. Do not, Madam, endeavour to rekindle that flame : do not destroy a tranquillity I have just begun to taste, and blast your own honour, which has hitherto been unsullied."

MR. QUIN,

by Gainsborough. Few heroes of the "sock and buskin" have experienced such various transitions of fortune as this gentleman. He was bred to the inheritance of a handsome estate, of which, on the death of his father, he obtained possession, but was afterwards ejected by an unexpected claimant, who proved to be the real heir. He was then reduced to seek a livelihood on the stage, and doomed, for a considerable time, to represent



the most inferior characters, until the death of Booth paved the way for his moving in a higher sphere, and ultimately, to his exaltation to the management of Drury Lane Theatre. When the current of popular opinion set so strongly in favour of Garrick, that all rival competition was fruitless, Quin retired to Bath on a moderate fortune. He died in that city, in the year 1766.

The gems of art dispersed through the apartments, are rare and curious, and demonstrate the taste, backed by the wealth, of the noble individuals who collected them. In the "*State bed-room*" there is an extensive collection of *China* placed in two recesses, and guarded by two Chinese figures of the size of life, which represent the true cast of the Chinese face, and the peculiarity of eye, not to be matched, perhaps in the whole, British dominions. These figures are capable of

"nid nid nodding"

at each other, the artist having given them a semi-life in this particular. The head of the lady is decorated with a costly tiara of gold, from which are suspended a series of graceful drops. In an adjoining closet are many beautiful paintings, and, (what is worthy of remark) a piece of the cloth embroidered with gold and silver, which covered the palanquin of the Sultan Tippoo Saib, when the city of Seringapatam was taken by the British troops. A table of solid chased silver, also decorates one of the recesses of this room.

We cannot conclude this sketch of Stowe, without adding a description of the ENTRANCE SALOON, probably one of the most magnificent of the kind in England. It is an earnest of the gratification the visitor must experience by inspecting the remainder of the apartments.

Sixteen elegant scagliola columns of the Doric order, in imitation of Sicilian jasper, rise from the pavement, which is composed of the finest Massa and Carrara marble, in squares of four feet. The columns were executed by Signor Dom Bartoli, and have white marble bases and capitals. In the intercolumniations are twelve niches and four doors; the former occupied by eight large antique statues, and four bronze and gilt candelabras, of six feet high. The statues are of MELEAGER, AUGUSTUS, HYGEIA, AGRIPPINA, DIANA, VENUS, ANTINOUS, A MUSE.

Above the niches are sixteen compartments of trophies, executed in alto-relievo. The frieze is adorned with various masks of bacchants and satyrs; and over the cornice is a fine\* piece of alto-relievo, extending round the apartment. It represents a Roman triumph and sacrifice, and consists of about 300 figures, most of which are four feet high; among them are blended various trophies, spoils and animals. This multifarious assemblage was executed by Signor Valdré, who composed or modelled his principal figures, from specimens

\* "*Fine*" is too meagre a word to be applied to this work. It is a magnificent assemblage redundant with life, and worth alone going to Stowe to see.

belonging to the pillars of Trajan and Antonine ; the arches of Severus, Titus and Constantine ; and from other monuments of Roman grandeur. A richly decorated dome, divided into compartments, ascends above this to an oval sky-light. At each end are female figures, terminated in scroll-work, supporting the arms of the late Earl Temple, and the Marquis of Buckingham. This apartment, though particularly grand at any time, appears transcendantly magnificent when illuminated with nearly one hundred patent lamps, which disperse their lights from behind the cornice. At these times, the effect is greatly heightened by the melodious strains which issue from a concealed music-gallery, situated in one corner of the Saloon.

A large tribute of praise is due to that liberality which throws open to public inspection the gardens of Stowe and the suite of rooms on the ground floor of the palace. The noble example of the Duke of Buckingham is well worthy of imitation.

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## WOLVERTON AND GRAFTON REGIS.

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The works of Art which the Railroad presents to us are worthy of a more attentive consideration than they usually meet. It is probably to the habit of limiting our notions of Art itself to mere works of taste, as distinguished from works of utility, that the indifference with which we frequently pass the most consummate achievements of genius and skill is attributable. We are apt to refer to the mechanic and the labourer, the mere instruments of the Artist—what belongs to the Artist himself. We have the disadvantage to contend against, of having witnessed the slow and wearying progress of the work to be reviewed, and our minds are pre-occupied with associations that, in a great measure, lessen our admiration, and destroy the impression we should have otherwise received from the magnitude and symmetry of what we survey.

Among the extensive works which this line presents between Denbigh Hall and Birmingham, the Wolverton Viaduct is as worthy of notice as any. It consists of a bridge of fourteen

semi-elliptical arches, six of them of sixty feet span each ; with the rails elevated fifty feet above the level of the ground. The cornice and coping are of stone ; the arches and the body of the Viaduct of brick. The length of the bridge is nearly the eighth of a mile ; and, in forming it, it was found necessary to unite the courses of the Ouse and Tow, which now flow together in a spacious channel, paved for some distance with brick, and then, gliding into the old bed of the Ouse, pursue a slow and 'devious way' through the counties of Buckingham, Bedford, Cambridge and Norfolk, till they merge at Lynn Regis into the German ocean.

At Wolverton, which is considered the central station, the engines are changed ; and several buildings have been erected, as workshops for repairs, engine, carriage, and warehouses. Many small cottages have also been built and fitted up, more conveniently than such buildings generally are, for the accommodation of the numerous workmen employed here and their families : and, in addition to these, a wharf has been constructed for unloading merchandise from the heavy trains, and forwarding such as are intended to proceed by way of Buckingham or Northampton by the barges which ply upon the canal, and the remainder by waggons or other conveyances. The saving effected by the Railroad in the transit of goods, may be estimated by the fact that it formerly took four days to bring goods hither from London, a feat which is now accomplished in two hours and a half.

The green mound which is observable from this station to

the West of the line, and running parallel with it, being carried across the road by a kind of square-topped bridge, is the embankment and aqueduct of the Grand Junction Canal, which was formerly supported through the valley on a long line of arches ; but being found pervious to the water, and a breach having occurred, which inundated the Country and did much damage to the property in the neighbourhood, the present earthen embankment was reared, and, to guard against similar accidents for the future, the aqueduct was lined with cast iron troughs.

The church-tower seen peering above the trees from the gentle hill on the left, about four miles beyond Wolverton Viaduct, is that of Grafton Regis ; near which, upon the brow of the hill, formerly stood the ancient mansion called Grafton-House, the residence of the unfortunate Earl of Rivers, father of the Lady Elizabeth Grey, the wife of Edward IV., and mother of the Prince of Wales and Duke of York, said to have been murdered in the Tower by order of King Richard III. The events of which Grafton House was the scene, and the incidents connected with those events, have been familiarized to us by the poet, the painter, the novelist, and the historian ; but still we pause and regard the locality, where the King's love for the Lady Elizabeth first aroused the ire of the bold Neville, and probably gave a new direction to the destinies of the nation. The birth of the gentle Elizabeth ; her first marriage ; her subsequent conquest of and private marriage to the King ; the elevation of her family, and the deadly hatred and disgust

which it originated in the breasts of the old nobility, pass in rapid review before us, and present all the features of an historical and deeply tragic panorama. Here it was that Rivers himself was seized, when Richard had ordered him for instant execution at Northampton. Here also Richard afterwards fixed his head-quarters, when his own throne and life were threatened by Henry Tudor; and here occurred the last interview between the insatiate Henry VIII. and Cardinal Campeggio, the Legate of the Pope, when the King sought to divorce the wife of his earlier and better years, under pretence of healing his wounded conscience—a pretence which was not only seen through, but utterly discountenanced by the church to which he appealed. It is matter for grave reflection, seeing that this was the muddy well-head of the ‘great and glorious’ Reformation.

Passing Olney upon the right, and Stoke upon the left, we reach the Blissworth Station, where coaches attend the arrival of the trains, to convey passengers and goods to Northampton, which is about five miles from the Station, and four from the line.

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## NORTHAMPTON,

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Is the County Town, and is pleasantly situated on an eminence gently sloping to the river Nen, over which it has two bridges. It consists of five principal streets, meeting near the great church of Allhallows; all well paved and lighted, and the houses are handsome and substantial.

Much of the beauty of Northampton is owing to the calamity it sustained by fire, on the 20th of September, 1675; when the greater portion of the town was reduced to ashes; above six hundred dwelling-houses having been then burnt, and more than seven hundred families deprived of their habitations and property. The general loss was estimated at one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. A subscription, however, being instituted, twenty-five thousand pounds were collected by clerical briefs and private charity towards its relief, and the king gave a thousand tons of timber out of Whittlewood Forest, and remitted the duty of chimney-money on the town for seven years. It was soon therefore rebuilt, and changed its wooden edifices for more secure and ornamental houses of stone. Until the



great fire there were seven parish churches within the walls of Northampton; of which only four remain at present, being the number of parishes into which the town is divided.

The church of *All Saints* stands in the centre of the town, at the meeting of four streets; it has a fine portico of eight Ionic columns, with a statue of King Charles the Second on the balustrade. The columns in couplets extend the entire length of the front. The inside of the church is finished in a very elegant modern manner. *St. Giles's* is situated near the eastern end of the town, and is a large pile of building, consisting of a nave, aisles, transept, and tower rising from the centre. *St. Peter's* stands at the western extremity of the town, and was probably erected by one of the first Norman earls of Northampton. It is a singular building, consisting of a nave and two aisles of equal length, having seven columns on each side, three of which are composed of four semi-columns; all the capitals being charged with sculpture of scroll-work, heads, animals, etc. And *St. Sepulchre's* near the northern extremity of the town, is supposed to have been built by the Knights Templars, on the model of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem.

The principal manufacture of Northampton is shoes, of which great numbers are exported: the town contains about 20,000 inhabitants.

A journey to London from this place, which formerly occupied two days, is now performed in three hours; in the middle of the last century, the Northampton coach was accustomed

to leave very early in the morning, not reaching Dunstable, its first day's stage, until late in the evening, where the passengers remained all night, seldom arriving in London before the evening of the second day. The following, literally transcribed from the *Northampton Mercury* of the 15th September, 1735, shews the precise period when this expeditious mode of travelling was practised:—

“Northampton Stage Coach in two days. Begins on Monday, the 15th of this instant September; sets out from the Red Lion and George Inns, Northampton, every Monday and Thursday; and returns from the Bull Inn in Holborn, London, every Tuesday and Friday. Places may be had as usual.”

The town contains many public buildings; the chief of which are the Town Hall, the General Infirmary, and the Lunatic Asylum.

*Althorp*, the seat of Lord Spencer, is about six miles from Northampton. It is a large pile of building, occupying three sides of a quadrangle, and was originally encompassed upon three sides by a moat, now filled up, and levelled with the fine lawns immediately contiguous to the mansion. The extensive park has an inequality of surface which renders it exceedingly picturesque, and it is adorned with large masses of forest trees. The mansion itself is highly interesting. Its large and fine collection of pictures, and library of books, computed at upwards of forty-five thousand volumes, are highly valuable. The book rooms have been recently extended, by an additional building, attached by a corridor to the north-east corner of the

house, which is in the gothic style, having externally the appearance of an ancient chapel. The paintings at Althorp are very numerous, and many of them of the first class.

The distance of Northampton from London is sixty-six miles, on the road to Leicester, Nottingham, Derby, etc. Arrangements at the Post Office have been made to meet the accelerated means of conveyance by the Railroad; letters for London being now despatched at ten o'clock, A.M. by mail-cart, to meet the up-train at Blissworth; and letters from London received by the same conveyance at three P.M. are delivered shortly afterwards.

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## RUGBY AND COVENTRY.

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Rugby is the next station, and is about eighty-three miles from London and twenty-nine from Birmingham. At Rugby a free grammar-school was founded in the ninth year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, by Lawrence Sheriff, a grocer of London, for the children of the parishioners of Rugby and Brownsoever only; but afterwards its advantages were greatly extended. The founder directed that "a fair and convenient school-house should be erected," and, to defray the expenses of the institution, and of a range of alms-houses on the same foundation, bequeathed the revenues arising from the rectory of Brownsoever, and a third part of twenty-four acres of land, situate in Lamb's Conduit-fields, London, and termed the Conduit-close.

Fifteen exhibitions have been instituted here, the exhibitors being allowed £40 per annum, to assist in their support, for seven years, in any college or hall they may choose for residence, in either university. These are termed "Lawrence Sheriff's Exhibitioners," and the vacancies are filled up at the

annual examinations, which are attended by a member of each of the Universities, Oxford and Cambridge, appointed for that purpose by their respective vice-chancellors.

The funds have been found to accumulate so much, that the trustees, after a meeting in May, 1808, determined upon building a new edifice, which was afterwards erected nearly on the same spot where the old buildings stood.

The head master is said to have as much influence and authority in the town as that possessed by the prior of a convent in ancient times, and is sometimes invested with the magisterial functions; his house is of an elegant and sumptuous character, suited to the condition of a rich and flourishing institution.

Coventry is pleasantly situated. The streets are mostly narrow, and composed of very ancient buildings. Before the cathedral was taken down, Coventry possessed a matchless group of churches, all standing within one cemetery. The churches, at present, are three in number; that of St. Michael is a beautiful specimen of the Gothic. The first building on the spot, dedicated to this saint, stood in the reign of King Stephen, when Ralph, Earl of Chester, rendered it to the monks of Coventry, and it was then called the chapel of Saint Michael. In the 44th of Henry III. the church was regularly appropriated to the prior and monks. The most ancient part of this fine structure is the steeple, begun in 1373, and finished in 1395. It was built at the charge of William and Adam Botoner, several times Mayors of Coventry. An elevation

more symmetrical, more chastely ornamented, or more striking in general character, was, perhaps, never designed by the most accomplished architect. It commences in a square tower, no portion of which remains blank, though no superfluous ornament can be perceived. The windows are well proportioned, and the buttresses eminently light. The figures of saints are introduced in various niches, and each division is enriched with a bold, but not redundant, tracery. The tower is a hundred and thirty-six feet high; and on its summit stands an octagonal prism, thirty-two feet six inches high, supported by eight graceful springing arches. The octagon is surmounted by a battlement from within, which proceeds to a spire one hundred and thirty feet nine inches high, adorned with fluting, and embossed to resemble pilasters. Sir Christopher Wren pronounced this structure to be a master-piece of building.

The body of St. Michael's church is supposed to have been erected in the time of Henry VI., and mostly in the early part of his reign: in his latter years he once attended religious service here. The interior consists of a body and two side-aisles, divided by lofty arches, with clustered pillars. The windows of the upper story, running along the whole of the sides, are ornamented with ancient painted glass, depicting various religious subjects. The ceiling is of oak, ribbed and carved. On each side of the nave is a gallery, with a good organ. The steeple contains a melodious peal of bells, which were put up in 1429; but it was thought proper, in 1794, to construct a frame-work within the tower, and, in 1807, the

whole were hung afresh, upon an improved plan, at which time the tenor, weighing upwards of thirty-two hundred, was recast.

Coventry is governed by a mayor, aldermen, and common-council-men; the mayor and alderman being justices of the peace for the city and county. In 1683, the city charter was renewed with various alterations. There are four annual fairs, the most important of which was granted by Henry III., and, according to the charter, is permitted to continue eight days. The procession connected with this fair is founded upon the well known story of the Lady Godiva, of the origin of which it has been observed: "That there was a convent here in early times, appears from the testimony of John Rous, and of Leland, who says it was founded by King Canute; and that when the traitor Edric ravaged this country, in 1016, he burnt the nunnery of the city, of which a holy virgin, St. Osburgh, had been abbess. On its ruins, Leofric, fifth earl of Mercia, and his countess Godiva, founded a monastery for an abbot and twenty-four Benedictine monks, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, St. Peter, and St. Osburgh.

"Leofric and his lady both died about the latter end of the reign of Edward the Confessor, and were buried in the church of the abbey they had founded. The former seems to have been the first lord of this city, and the latter its greatest benefactor; as will appear from the following tradition, which has given rise to the above-mentioned procession, and which is not only firmly believed at Coventry, but is recorded by many of our historians.

"The earl had granted the convent and city many valuable privileges ; but the inhabitants having offended him, he imposed on them very heavy taxes ; for the great lords, to whom the towns belonged under the Anglo-Saxons, had that privilege. The people complained grievously of the severity of the taxes, and applied to Godiva, the earl's lady, a person of great piety and virtue, to intercede in their favour. She willingly complied with their request ; but the earl remained inexorable. He, however, told his lady, that were she to ride naked through the streets of the city, he would remit the tax ; meaning, that no persuasion whatever should prevail with him ; for it is not to be supposed that he could imagine his lady, who was remarkable for her modesty, would condescend to expose herself in so singular and indecent a manner to the populace. The lady, however, sensibly touched by the distress of the city, generously resolved to relieve it, even on the terms proposed ; and being happy in fine flowing locks, rode decently covered to her very feet with her lovely tresses."

In the neighbourhood of Coventry, on the south-east, stood a monastery belonging to the Carthusians, of which William, Lord Zouch, of Harringworth, was the founder ; and, in 1385, Richard II. honoured it by becoming its titular founder. The remains of this structure are trifling, but a commodious dwelling-house has been raised on its site, which is called the Charter House. In the garden are many small doors that were formerly entrances to the cells.

Two parliaments were held in this city, in the great chamber



of the priory. The first, in the year 1404, by Henry IV., was styled *Parliamentum Indoctorum*, from its inveteracy against the clergy, whose revenues it was determined not to spare, whence also it was called the Laymen's Parliament. The other was held in the chapter-house of the priory, in the year 1459, by Henry VI., and was called *Parliamentum Diabolicum*, by reason of the number of attainders passed against Richard Duke of York and his adherents. The city sends two members to Parliament.

Strangers in the city are sometimes shewn a chamber in Gosford-street, noted for the melancholy end of Mary Clues, who was almost consumed by fire in February 1772. In consequence of her excessive drinking, she had been confined to her bed for some time, and, on the evening previous to her death, she was left with a rushlight on the chair by the head of the bed. The next morning a smoke was perceived in the room, and on bursting the door open, some flames issued forth, which, however, were easily extinguished. The remains of the woman lay on the floor, but the furniture of the room was only slightly damaged, and the bed but little burnt. It is supposed that her body had become inflammable, and that, falling out of bed, she took fire by the candle, as her bones appeared to be entirely calcined. The reader will remember the use made by Captain Marryat of a similar incident in his admirable novel of "Jacob Faithful."

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STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

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THERE are coaches hither from Coventry daily, except Sundays, at seven and eleven in the morning, and at three in the afternoon. As a pilgrimage to this celebrated place is often the traveller's only object, we should be negligent of our duty were we to pass it without notice. It is approached by a fine stone bridge thrown over the river Avon, three hundred and seventy-six yards in length. A stone pillar, placed on the third pier from the east end, bears this inscription, " Sir Hugh Clopton, Knight, Lord Mayor of London, built this bridge at his own proper expense, in the reign of Henry y<sup>e</sup> Seventh."

The town consists of twelve principal streets, and presents a cheerful, though not a busy, aspect. It is well paved, and extremely clean. The different fires that occurred towards the close of the sixteenth, and early in the seventeenth centuries, have destroyed much of its ancient character of simplicity. There are, however, some houses remaining which must have been constructed anterior to Shakspeare's time.

The residence of Shakspeare, when he had attained com-

parative affluence, was New Place, which, according to Wheeler's "History of Stratford," was originally erected by Sir Hugh Clopton, in the time of Henry VII., and was then called "The Great House," probably from being the largest in the town. The property afterwards passed to the Underhall family, and was purchased by Shakspeare, in 1597, who changed the name to that of New Place. In 1753, it came into the possession of the Rev. Francis Gastrell, Vicar of Frodsham, in Cheshire; who, having an aversion to all enquiries after relics of Shakspeare, destroyed the celebrated mulberry-tree, planted by the hand of the great poet. Being then remarkably large, and at its full growth, he not only ordered it to be cut down, but to be cleft in pieces for fire-wood. This occurred in the year 1756; the greater part of the wood, however, was purchased by Thomas Sharp, of Stratford, who turned it to considerable advantage by converting every fragment into boxes, goblets, etc. Nor did the buildings of New Place long escape the same fate, for Mr. Gastrell being compelled to pay the monthly assessments for the maintenance of the poor, because he resided part of the year at Lichfield, though his servants remained at Stratford, he declared the house should never be assessed again; and, in 1759, razed the building to the ground, disposed of the materials, and left Stratford, amidst the rage and curses of its inhabitants.

The church of Stratford is a spacious and venerable structure, dedicated to the Holy Trinity. It is built cathedral-wise, and surmounted by a square tower. The approach to it is through

a long avenue of lime-trees, the foliage of which is so intermingled in summer as to produce a solemn, but grateful shade. The church, standing on the margin of the Avon, is embosomed in lofty and "time-honoured" elms. The interior is divided into a nave, two aisles, a transept, and a chancel; the nave is formed by six hexagonal pillars, supporting pointed arches. At the eastern termination, where two altars formerly stood, is now placed a good organ. The south side was rebuilt in the beginning of the fourteenth century, by John de Stratford, Bishop of Winchester, and at the east end he founded a chapel dedicated to Thomas à Becket. The east end of the north aisle contained a chapel dedicated to the Holy Virgin, now entirely occupied by the monuments of the Clopton family. The five large uniform windows on each side were formerly ornamented with painted glass. There are several recesses in the walls, and round the western end is a range of stalls, with their lower parts carved in a curious and very grotesque manner. The monuments and inscriptions are numerous. The mortal remains of the incomparable Shakspeare lie on the north side of the chancel, beneath a stone which has this inscription:—

" Good Friend, for Jesus Sake Forbeare,  
To Digg the Dust Enclosed Heare;  
Bless be ye Man yt Spares Thes Stones,  
And Curst be He yt Moves my Bones."

About five feet from the floor, on the north wall, is the monument. Inarched between two Corinthian columns of black .

marble, with gilded bases and capitals, is the half-length effigy of Shakspeare, with a cushion before him, a pen in his right hand, and his left resting on a scroll. Above the entablature are his armorial bearings, the Arden arms and crest; the tilting-spear point upwards, and the falcon, supporting a spear, for the crest. Over the arms, at the pinnacle of the monument, is a death's head; and on each side is the figure of a boy in a sitting attitude, one holding a spade, and the other, whose eyes are closed, bearing with the left hand an inverted torch, and resting the right upon a chapless scull. The effigy of Shakspeare was originally coloured so as to resemble life, and the appearance, before touched by innovation, is thus described: "The eyes were of a light hazel, and the hair and beard auburn. The dress consisted of a scarlet doublet, over which was a loose black gown without sleeves. The lower part of the cushion before him was of a crimson colour, and the upper part green, with gilt tassels." In the year 1741, this monument was repaired, at the instance of a travelling company of players, who raised money for that purpose by performing in Stratford the play of "Othello." In this repair, the colours originally bestowed on the effigies were carefully restored by a limner, residing in the town; but, in 1793, the bust and figures above it were painted white at the request of Mr. Malone.

Beneath the bust are the following lines, probably by Ben Jonson:—

• "JUDICIO PYLIUM, GENIO SOCRATEM, ARTE MARONEM,  
TERRA TEGIT, POPULUS MÆRET, OLYMPUS HABET."

“ Stay Passenger, Why Goest Thou By So Fast,  
 Read If Thou Canst, Whom Envious Death hath Plast  
 Within This Monument, Shakespere With Whome  
 Quick Nature Dide ; Whose Workes Doth Deck ys Tombe,  
 Far More Then Cost ; Sieh All yt He Hath Writt,  
 Leaves Living Art, but Page to Serve His Witt.  
 Obiit Ano Doi., 1616, Ætatus 53, Die 23 Ap.”

The bust was evidently executed by a sculptor of some taste and skill, and is certainly an estimable relic, as we are fairly warranted in supposing that it was approved on the score of resemblance by those relatives familiar with Shakspeare's person, under whose direction the monument was erected. The eyebrows are strongly marked ; the forehead unusually high ; the head nearly bald ; and the face evinces habitual composure. The remains of the wife of Shakspeare, who died in August 1623, at the age of 67, lie between the grave of her husband and the north wall of the chancel. On a brass plate, which expresses her age, etc. are some pious Latin verses, probably written by her son-in-law, Dr. Hall. Two other flat stones denote the place of the interment of Shakspeare's beloved daughter, Susanna, and her husband John Hall, the physician. A copy of some English verses, formerly upon Mrs. Hall's tomb, are preserved in Dugdale ; but these were many years since purposely obliterated to make room for another inscription on the same stone for Richard Watts, no relation to the Shakspeare family.

The crypt, or charnel-house, formerly attached to Stratford church, was an object of much curiosity, and was not demo-



lished till the year 1800. Here was a vast assemblage of human bones, probably the collection of several ages, though it is supposed the custom was discontinued at the Reformation, as no addition had been made to them in the memory of the oldest inhabitant living in the last century.

The guild of the Holy Cross was founded at Stratford at a very early period, but the exact time is not known. The possessions of the fraternity remained in the crown till the seventh of Edward VI. and the chapel belonging to them is a considerable ornament to the town. In 1804, when this chapel was repaired, it was accidentally discovered that the interior face of the walls had been embellished with fresco-paintings, and some accumulated coats of white-wash were dexterously removed; however, the execution of these paintings was much too good for their trite subjects—popes and emperors, priests and purgatory dragons, with devils, and reprobates, etc., hastening to the infernal regions.

The Town Hall is a fine structure of the Tuscan order, erected in 1768. On the west front are placed the arms of the corporation, and, in a niche, at the north end, is a good picture of Shakspeare, painted by Gainsborough, and presented by Garrick; and on a scroll are the lines from "Hamlet:"—

"Take him for all in all,  
We ne'er shall look upon his like again."

Another inscription records the rebuilding of this edifice in 1768, by the corporation and the inhabitants, etc. The chief

room of the building is sixty feet long by thirty, and is adorned with the portraits of Shakspeare, Garrick, and John Frederic, late Duke of Dorset.

The Jubilee of Shakspeare was originated by David Garrick. In September, 1769, an amphitheatre was erected at Stratford, upon the plan of Ranelagh, decorated with various devices. Transparencies were invented for the Town-house, through which the poet's most striking characters were seen. A small old house, where Shakspeare was born, was covered over with a curious emblematical transparency; the subject was the sun struggling through clouds to enlighten the world, a figurative representation of the fate and fortunes of the much-beloved bard. The Jubilee lasted three days, during which time, entertainments of oratorios, concerts, pageants, fire-works, etc. were presented to a very brilliant and numerous company, assembled from all parts of the kingdom. Many persons of the highest quality and rank, of both sexes, some of the most celebrated beauties of the age, and men distinguished for their genius and love of the elegant arts, thought themselves happy to fill the grand chorus of this high festival.

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WARWICK AND KENILWORTH.

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Warwick is a delightfully situated, clean, and populous borough and market-town, containing about 10,000 inhabitants. Historians agree that it was a considerable town prior to the Roman invasion. The Romans, to secure their conquests in this part of the country, erected several fortresses on the banks of the Avon, of which Warwick Castle is supposed to be one. The present town is comparatively modern, as, after the fire which occurred in 1694, and nearly destroyed the town, it was rebuilt with more magnificence, the freestone for the superstructure being dug from the quarries of the rock on which it was founded. The streets, which are spacious and regular, all meet in the centre of the town, which is served with water, by pipes, from springs half a mile off.

Though populous, the town of Warwick has but two parish-churches; it had formerly six, and as many monasteries. The hospital of St. Michael, founded by Roger, Earl of Warwick, in the latter end of the reign of Henry I., still exists.

In the north-east suburb was the hospital of St. John the Baptist, founded by William, Earl of Warwick, in the reign of Henry II., chiefly for the entertainment of strangers and travellers.

Here is a handsome Town-hall, of free-stone, supported by pillars, in which are held the assizes and quarter-sessions; also three charity schools, an hospital for twelve decayed gentlemen, another for eight poor women, and two others for unfortunate tradesmen.

Warwick Castle stands on the northern bank of the river Avon. The æra of its first erection, and the names of the founders are doubtful, some attributing the work to the Romans, others to Cymbeline, the British king; and Dugdale ascribes it to Ethelstede, or Ethelfleda, daughter of King Alfred. The castle belonged to the Crown in the time of Edward the Confessor, as a special stronghold for the defence of the midland parts of the kingdom. Some remains of this ancient work were visible in Dugdale's time; the mount is still to be seen on the west side of the present castle. At the conquest, William employed Torkill de Warwick to enlarge and fortify it; for which purpose four houses, belonging to the monks of Coventry, were destroyed; but, on its completion, he entrusted it to the custody of Henry de Newburgh, his countryman, whom he created Earl of Warwick.

In the time of Henry III., the castle was deemed of such importance, that the king's precept was sent to the Archbishop of York, and William de Cantalupe, for requiring good secu-

rity of Margery, sister and heir of Thomas, Earl of Warwick, 'that she should not take to husband any person whatsoever in whom the king could not repose trust as in his own self.' The chief reason alleged was, the strength of the castle, and its vicinity to the marshes.

The rock on which the castle stands is forty feet higher than the Avon; but on the north side it is on a level with the town. From the terrace there is a beautiful prospect. The rooms are adorned with many original paintings by Vandyke, and there is one apartment equal to any in the royal palaces. Across the river, near the castle-bridge, is a stone-work dam, where the water falls over it and forms a picturesque cascade, under the castle walls.

Kenilworth Castle has become celebrated, the more extensively perhaps, for being the scene of one of Sir Walter Scott's best chivalric novels; but it is worthy of attention for its picturesque beauties and historical associations, independently of the interest with which it has been invested by the "Northern Magician." It is one of the finest "ruins" in the kingdom, and exhibits some of the most perfect specimens of the domestic castellated architecture of the Elizabethan age, at which period it underwent a thorough repair and received large additions, upon being granted by the queen to Robert Dudley, whom she had created Earl of Leicester, and whom, it was at that time thought, she intended to honour with her hand. That the repairs and additions were extensive may be judged from the fact that Leicester expended upwards of sixty

thousand pounds in effecting them. When the buildings were completed the Queen was entertained here seventeen days, with all kinds of shows, sports, and festivities, the particulars of which have descended to our times in a curious tract, written in the shape of a letter, by Master Robert Laneham, one of the Queen's attendants, to a friend in London, and published by him on his return. This singularly coxcombical account furnishes the data for most of the gorgeous descriptions of the entertainments at Kenilworth, which Sir Walter Scott has embodied in his Romance. It was reprinted a few years ago in a splendidly illustrated quarto volume, with one or two other tracts relating to the same subject, and a topographical history of the castle, under the title of "Kenilworth illustrated."

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## BIRMINGHAM.

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In the approach to this celebrated town, the third for population and extent in England, the upper part appears to be seated on the side of a hill, and forming a kind of peninsula, bordered by parts of the counties of Stafford and Worcester. The buildings of Birmingham were originally placed in a low and watery situation. The chief street of the ancient town is that termed Digbeth, where there are some excellent springs. At the restoration of Charles II., the town of Birmingham consisted of about fifteen streets, not all finished, and about nine hundred houses. The increase of buildings since that date has exceeded the most sanguine expectations. Modern Birmingham is nearly of an oval form, and is approached on every side, except from the north-west, by an ascent, so that every shower conduces to cleanliness and health. The Crescent is a fine range of buildings, elevated upon a terrace, of about twelve hundred feet in length, and seventeen feet high. The lowest apartments of this range of houses are free from damp ;

hence agues, and many diseases incidental to moist situations, are here unknown, and instances of longevity are very numerous. Before Birmingham became so eminent for its manufactures, that part of it called Digbeth abounded with tanners, and the large number of hides which arrived weekly for sale supplied the whole county. When the weather permitted, they were ranged in columns in the High Street, and at other times deposited in the Leather-hall. This market, begun about seven hundred years ago, continued till the beginning of the last century. Two officers are still annually chosen by the name of leather-sellers; but shops are erected upon the tan-flats, and the Leather-hall is gone to ruin.

Its ancient manufactures were confined to coarse iron-ware, nails, bits, and a few lacquered articles. Shortly after the Revolution of 1688, one of its principal manufactures, fire-arms, acquired a degree of celebrity which led to its obtaining the contract for supplying the government; and, at the same time, the prohibition of French commodities, although it could not destroy the predilection for their fashions, established the necessity of deriving from ourselves the materials of decoration; and the profusion of buttons, with which dress-clothes were then ornamented, came to be supplied by London and Birmingham. As the demand increased, the latter obtained the pre-eminence, from her advantages in the price of labour, fuel, and the necessaries of life. The iron and metal-buckle trade thus became extensive: and afterwards various circumstances, aided by the genius and persevering industry of the

inhabitants, created new objects of industry and commerce in the toy and hardware lines. Until that of the late John Taylor, Esq., however, there does not appear to have been any establishment upon the general and extensive scale of which Birmingham, in the present day, furnishes such numerous instances. Scarcely sixty years since there was not a single mercantile house which corresponded directly with any foreign merchant, but furnished their productions for the supply of those markets through the medium of merchants in London. Now, however, the principal orders for foreign supply come directly to the merchants or manufacturers residing in the town.

The manufacture of guns was commenced by a person in Digbeth, in the reign of William III. The manufacture of brass was introduced about 1740. The late Mr. J. Taylor introduced the gilt button, painted, japanned, and gilt snuff-boxes, and a numerous variety of enamelled articles.

In old writings the name of this town is frequently spelled "Brumwychham;" and Mr. Hutton thinks that articles of iron were fabricated here as early as the time of the Britons. It certainly was a considerable place in the time of the Saxons, as William de Birmingham, lord of the manor, proved that his ancestors had the privilege of a market here before the Conquest. In the reign of Henry VIII., the place is thus noticed: "The beauty of Birmingham, a good market-town, in the extreme parts of Warwickshire, is one streete, going up a longe, almost from the left side of the brooke, up a mean hill, by the length of a quarter of a mile. There be many smithes

in the town, that used to make knives, and almost all manner of cutting tools, and many loriners, that make bittes, and a great many naylor's, so that a great part of the town is maintained by smithes, who have their iron and coal out of Staffordshire."

In the rebellion against Charles I. Birmingham took part with the Parliament. The King being here in 1642, the inhabitants, when he quitted the town, seized the carriages containing the royal plate, and conveyed them to Warwick Castle. In the ensuing year, they so long and strenuously resisted the entrance of Prince Rupert into the town, that he burnt several of the houses, and afterwards laid a heavy contribution upon the inhabitants. William Fielding, Earl of Denbigh, a volunteer under the Prince, was killed by a random shot; and, on the other side, a clergyman, who acted as governor, was slain in the Red Lion Inn, having refused quarter. In the reign of Charles II., the toy trade was first cultivated in Birmingham, and has since been carried to an extent unprecedented in the annals of manufacture, so much so, indeed, as to have obtained for the place the appellation of "the toy shop of Europe."

Birmingham, during many years of prosperity, had escaped the effects of party-spirit; but, on the 14th of July, 1795, a party of gentlemen, chiefly Dissenters, assembled at one of the hotels to commemorate the French Revolution, with a dangerous degree of ostentatious publicity. By two in the afternoon, a vast concourse of people had assembled round the house; who, about five, began to shew signs of turbulence;



and before six, it was recommended to the gentlemen within, for the sake of peace, to retire ; and though all of them instantly complied, yet the multitude increased, and threatened destruction ; and not being content with this moderate triumph, broke the windows of the hotel. Their numbers were now swelled by the idle and vicious, from every lane and alley in the town, and they proceeded to acts of more serious mischief, encouraging each other in the work of havoc, by clamours expressive of their love of good order, and of the church and king. Thus professing themselves the peculiar friends to the church of England, the infuriated rabble commenced operations, by setting fire to the meeting-house belonging to Dr. Priestley, which they soon reduced to ashes ; a second quickly shared the same fate. They then proceeded to the dwelling of the philosophic Doctor, at Fairhill, about a mile from the town, on the Oxford road. Though extremely abstemious himself, it appears that the Doctor's cellar was well stored, for its contents silenced the rage of more than forty of the rioters, who lay stretched out on the grass-plot adjoining the house, in a state of the most degraded and disgusting intoxication ; and thus many of them perished in the flames which were kindled in the dwelling. Persuasive means were employed to preserve as much of the library and manuscripts as possible, but to no effect. The Doctor's beautiful laboratory, and almost every thing in the house, was utterly destroyed, not excepting even the servants' clothes. Dr. Priestley luckily escaped the rage of the mob, a circumstance that gave pleasure to every lover of science ; but

those who rejoice at his escape, will regret that his fine philosophical apparatus, with a most valuable library, were destroyed.

After the mob had completed the destruction of Dr. Priestley's house and laboratory, the Earl of Aylesford, and some other gentlemen, led a great part of the rioters from Sparkbrook to Birmingham, in hopes of dispersing them, but without effect. A great number, about one o'clock on Friday, assembled round the elegant mansion of Mr. John Ryland (formerly the residence of Baskerville, the celebrated printer), which had lately been enlarged and beautified at a great expense. The most soothing means were adopted to make them desist; money was offered them to induce them to retire, but to no purpose; for, after exhausting the contents of the cellar, they set fire to the house and furniture. The conflagration was dreadful.

The rioters now divided into parties, and meditating general destruction, paraded the town. By three o'clock in the afternoon, consternation and alarm seemed to have superseded all other sensations in the minds of the inhabitants; business was given over, and the shops were all shut up. The inhabitants were traversing the streets in crowds, with horror visible in every countenance.

About half-past three, the inhabitants were summoned by the bellman to assemble in the New Church-yard; two magistrates attended in a room in the neighbourhood, and several hundred special constables were sworn in, who were immediately sent to disperse the rioters, which was easily effected in some places, as the mob were by this time in an almost

universal state of intoxication. The constables, however, were attacked with a shower of stones and brickbats, which it was impossible to resist; and as the rioters then began to re-assemble, and had possessed themselves of bludgeons, the constables were eventually defeated, many of them being much wounded, and one killed. The mob, now victorious, and being heated with ardent spirits, assumed a more menacing and formidable attitude than before. Several attempts were made to amuse them, but in vain. They exacted money from the inhabitants; and at ten o'clock at night began, and soon effected, the destruction of Mr. Hutton's house, in the High Street, plundering and destroying all its valuable furniture and property!

From thence they proceeded to the seat of John Taylor, Esq., the banker. There a sum of £500 was offered them to desist, but to no purpose. They immediately set fire to the mansion, which, together with its superb furniture, stables, offices, green-house, and all that could be got at, were reduced to a heap of ruins.

The next morning, the people of Birmingham were alarmed with the conflagration of Mosley-hall, the property of Mr. Taylor, but occupied by Lady Carhampton. Fortunately, that lady, who was blind, had been removed to a place of safety by Sir Robert Lawley at Canwell. The scene which presented itself was exceedingly awful; four large fires within a mile of each other! The house of William Russell also, and that of Mr. Hawkes, of Mosley, shared the fate of Mosley-hall, where

the rioters deliberately killed ducks, geese, and turkies, which, half-broiled on the ruins of that once noble edifice, they devoured with brutal ferocity.

At the burning of Mr. Ryland's house, many of the rioters were suffocated or burnt, by the walls falling in upon them: their groans pierced the ears of the multitude. Next morning the bodies were dug out of the ruins, but so mutilated as not to be known.

On Sunday night the military arrived, consisting of the Oxford Blues, and a party of light-horse from Hounslow. By eleven o'clock the town was completely illuminated, and continued so till day-light, in order to render the operations of the troops effective. During the night more troops came in from every quarter, who lay on their arms till ten next forenoon, when a regular guard was established.

The terror and distress which pervaded the whole town, while these dreadful scenes were acting, may be easily conceived. The magistrates had tried every means of persuasion; large bills were stuck up, requesting all persons to retire to their homes; nothing certain was known respecting the approach of the military; and numbers of the rioters, joined by thieves and drunken prostitutes from every quarter, traversed the town in small bodies, with blue cockades in their hats, levying contributions on the inhabitants. Scarcely a housekeeper dared refuse them meat, drink, money, or whatever they demanded. The shops were shut up, business at a stand, and those who had property employed themselves in secreting and removing

what they most desired to save. The rapid march of troops to the relief of the town, whilst it struck terror to the rabble, brought joy to the peaceable inhabitants, and the rioters were soon completely dispersed. As an acknowledgment for the expedition and good behaviour of the troops, the Dissenters presented them with one hundred pounds; and at a town-meeting, a handsome sword was voted to each of the officers, and a piece of plate, of one hundred guineas value, to each of the magistrates.

At the Warwick assizes which followed, four men were capitally convicted of being engaged in these riots; two of whom suffered the sentence of the law on the 8th of September, and the others received his Majesty's pardon.

Since the passing of the Reform Bill, Birmingham has become a Borough, and sends two members to Parliament.

The public buildings are numerous and elegant. The Town-hall is, amongst other purposes, devoted to a triennial musical festival, and contains one of the finest organs in the kingdom, which was erected at a cost of £3000. The hall will contain eight thousand persons. The Free Grammar School was founded by Edward VI., and endowed with lands, which now produce upwards of £4000 per annum. The school-house, an elegant Gothic building in New Street, is from the design of Mr. Barry, and cost £35,000. The seminary sends ten exhibitioners to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, who are each of them allowed £35 per annum for seven years.

A Public Library was established in 1779, and now occupies

an elegant pile of building, erected by subscribers on the Tontine principle. It is situate in Union Street, and is well furnished : the subscribers are upwards of five hundred.

A New Library was also formed in the year 1796, situated in Temple-Row West, in which there are upwards of three thousand volumes.

The Theatre was erected in 1774, and an additional portico in 1780. Over the attic windows in the front are busts, in bas-relief, of Shakspeare and Garrick. In the month of August 1792, the interior was destroyed by fire, which consumed all the scenery, dresses, and properties ; but, on being restored, it was considerably enlarged, and an assembly-room added ; and, in the year 1807, a patent was obtained, constituting it a royal theatre.

There is a popular place of summer resort in the hamlet of Ashted, called Vauxhall : the grounds of which are tastefully displayed, and the fire-works, musical, and other performances, attract large assemblies. Being near the line of the Liverpool Railroad, one of its attractions to visitors is to view the passing of the trains.

An excellent statue of Lord Nelson, executed by Westmacott, was erected on the 25th of October, 1809, the day of the jubilee in honour of King George III., who had then entered the fiftieth year of his reign. The Market-hall, which reaches into Worcester Street, occupying the whole space between Philip Street and Bell Street, is open daily ; and on market-days is well stocked with fruit, vegetables, and almost ever

article of manufacture. Beneath the Hall are ranges of vaults, which are let for shops and warehouses. There is also a passage under the centre of the Hall, from one side to the other.

Birmingham is under the superintendence of the county magistrates, who attend every Monday and Thursday at the Public Office in Moor Street, which is a neat stone-fronted building, erected in the year 1806, at an expense of £9,000. The ground-floor is appropriated to the Commissioners of the Street Acts, and on the upper floor the magistrates transact the business of the town. Behind this building there are apartments for the prison-keeper and his attendants; near this is the Prison, which is a spacious building, with a large well-paved yard, divided into two parts by a lofty wall, which separates the male and female prisoners. There is also a prison in Bordesley Street. For the recovery of small debts there is also a Court of Requests, with seventy-two commissioners, held every Friday in a court-house in the centre of High Street. Debts not exceeding five pounds are cognizable here, and are recoverable at a trifling expense.

One of the most interesting establishments about Birmingham is the Soho Manufactory, which was erected by the late Mr. Bolton, at an expense of more than £9000, exclusive of machinery. The manufactures at first consisted of imitations of *or molu*, but Mr. Watt having obtained a patent for the improvement of steam-engines, settled at Soho in 1769, and forming a partnership with Mr. Bolton, an extensive manu-

factory of those engines was established here. In 1788, a mint was erected at Soho, to be worked by the steam-engine, for the coinage of copper; the machines of which were worked with rapidity and exactness by boys from twelve to fourteen years of age.

Collis and Co.'s (late Sir Edward Thomason's) Manufactory is situate in Church Street, in the centre of the town, adjoining St. Philip's church-yard. The ware-rooms, containing finished articles for sale, are open to all respectable visitors.

A *fac simile* of the celebrated Warwick vase, of upwards of twenty-one feet in circumference, was made in metallic bronze at this manufactory. The bronze statue of his late Majesty, upwards of six feet in height, and a shield, in honour of the Duke of Wellington's victories, were also modelled, cast, and sculptured here. These, and numerous other works, are stationed in separate rooms of the establishment, and strikingly exhibit the progress of British art.

The Birmingham market-days are, Monday, Thursday, and Saturday; Thursday being the principal one. There is also a market for hay and straw held on Tuesday. The fairs are two, one at Whitsuntide, and the other at Michaelmas; the latter is called Onion Fair, from the vast quantities of that edible brought for sale.

The Post Office was considerably improved about the time that the street called Bennett's Hill, in which it is situated, was formed. The public are now accommodated with a piazza, unexposed to the weather, under which their business can



be transacted. Great improvements have been made in this department within the last few years, and seven receiving houses are open in various parts of the town.

There are two general deliveries by letter-carriers within the town, the first commencing at half-past seven, A.M., and the second at about a quarter after five, P.M., except on Sundays, when there is no afternoon delivery.

On Tuesdays and Fridays a foreign bag is forwarded to London by a mail, which leaves Birmingham at half-past twelve, noon.

The letter-box is closed at eight, P.M., for the despatch of the London and Bristol mails, and half an hour before the departure of any of the other mails.

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## APPENDIX.

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THE following general Regulations established on the Birmingham line will be found useful to the Railway Tourist:—

The Company is not responsible for luggage, unless the passenger to whom the same belongs shall have booked and paid for it; on booking, a ticket will be given to the owner, and a corresponding ticket affixed to the luggage, and the luggage will only be delivered to the party producing such ticket. A charge of sixpence is made for each passenger's luggage when booked, not exceeding 112lbs. in weight, for the whole distance, and an additional charge of one penny per pound above that weight.

The Company's porters render every facility in loading and unloading passengers' luggage, at the different stations.

Always have your name and destination affixed to each piece of luggage; by this means, in case of its being mislaid, it would be forwarded to the nearest station, where it can be reclaimed.

No passenger will be allowed to take his seat in or upon any of the Company's carriages, or to travel therein upon the railway, without having first booked his place, and paid his fare. Each passenger, booking his place, will be considered as binding himself, and agreeing to abide by and observe the rules and regulations, so far as they concern himself: he will on booking his place be furnished with a ticket, which he is to shew when required by the guard in charge of the train, and to deliver up, prior to his quitting the Company's premises, at the end of his journey. Any passenger refusing to produce on request, or at the end of the journey deliver up, his ticket, will be required to pay the fare from the place

whence the train originally started, or in default thereof is made liable to the penalty of forty shillings.

Any passenger who shall have paid his fare for a second-class carriage, and shall ride in or upon a first-class carriage, shall forfeit the sum of forty shillings.

The doors of the booking-office are closed precisely at the time appointed for starting, after which no passenger can be admitted.

Each passenger's luggage will be placed on the roof of the coach in which he has taken his place; carpet-bags and small luggage may be placed underneath the seat opposite to that which the owner occupies. No charge for *bond fide* luggage belonging to the passenger under 100lbs. weight; above that weight a charge will be made at the rate of 1d. per pound for the whole distance. The attention of travellers is requested to the legal notice exhibited at the different stations, respecting the limitation of the Company's liabilities to the loss or damage of luggage.

Gentlemen's carriages and horses must be at the stations at least a quarter of an hour before the time of departure. A supply of trucks will be kept at all the principal stations on the line; but to prevent disappointment, it is recommended that previous notice should be given, when practicable, at the station where they may be required. No charge for landing or embarking carriages or horses on any part of the line.

Passengers intending to join the trains at any of the stopping places are desired to be in good time, as the train will leave each station as soon as ready, without reference to the time stated in the printed tables, the main object being to perform the whole journey as expeditiously as possible. Passengers will be booked only conditionally upon there being room on the arrival of the trains, and they will have the preference of seats in the order in which they are booked. No persons are booked after the arrival of the train. All persons are requested to get into and alight from the coaches invariably as directed by the conductor, as the only certain means of preventing accidents.

Every train is provided with guards and a conductor, who is responsible for the order and regularity of the journey. The Company's porters will load and unload the luggage, and put it into or upon any omnibus or other carriage at any of the stations. No fees or gratuities allowed to conductors, guards, porters, or other persons in the service of the Company.

No smoking will be allowed in the station-houses, or in any of the coaches, even with the consent of the passengers. No person will be allowed to sell liquors or eatables of any kind upon the line.

The charges for parcels, including booking and delivery, are as follows:—

|                              | s. | d. | per lb.   |
|------------------------------|----|----|-----------|
| Under 50 miles, under 28lbs. | 1  | 2  | above, 0½ |
| Above 50 miles, under 20lbs. | 1  | 8  | above, 1  |

The fares of passengers the whole distance:—

|                                               | Day Train. |    | Night Train. |      |
|-----------------------------------------------|------------|----|--------------|------|
|                                               | s.         | d. | s.           | d.   |
| By mail carriages, carrying four inside       | 32         | 6  | —            | 0 0  |
| By first-class carriages, carrying six inside | 30         | 0  | —            | 32 6 |
| By second-class carriages enclosed            | -          | -  | —            | 25 0 |
| By second-class carriages, with open sides    | 20         | 0  | —            |      |

The first-class trains stop only at the principal stations; the mixed trains at all the stations.

The first-class trains consist only of mail carriages, carrying four inside (one compartment of which is convertible into a bed carriage, if required) and of carriages carrying six inside. The mixed trains consist of first-class carriages, carrying six inside, and of second-class carriages open at the side, without linings, cushions, or divisions in the compartments. The night mail consists of first-class carriages, carrying six inside, and of second-class carriages closed, and entirely protected from the weather. Each carriage has a small roof lamp by day and night. Children under ten years of age, half price. Infants in arms, unable to walk, free of charge. Soldiers *en route* are charged under a special agreement.

Arrangements have been made with the grand Junction Railway Company, by which passengers can book themselves at Euston Station for the entire distance to Manchester or Liverpool, without changing carriages; and places may be secured for conveyance by the branch coaches at the following offices:—Spread Eagle, Gracechurch-street; Cross Keys, Wood-street; Swan-with-two-necks, Lad-lane; George and Blue Boar, Holborn; Spread Eagle, Regent-circus; and Golden Cross, Charing-cross; where also parcels will be received on behalf of the Railway Company.

The hours of departure and arrival of the different trains will be seen by the subjoined table.

HOURS OF DEPARTURE AND TIME TABLE.  
FROM LONDON.

| TRAINS.        | Departure from London. | Harrow. | Watford. | Boxmoor. | B. Hamsted. | Tring. | Wolverton. | Roads. | Weedon. | Rugby. | Coventry. | Arrival at Birmingham. |
|----------------|------------------------|---------|----------|----------|-------------|--------|------------|--------|---------|--------|-----------|------------------------|
| MIXED, Short   |                        |         |          |          |             |        |            |        |         |        |           |                        |
| FIRST .....    | 8 a. m.                | —       | 8 53     | —        | —           | —      | 7 a. m.    | 7 25   | 7 58    | 8 43   | 9 18      | 10 19 a. m.            |
| MIXED .....    | 9 a. m.                | 9 38    | 9 59     | 10 22    | 10 33       | 9 35   | 10 38      | 10 59  | —       | 12 10  | 12 42     | 1 37 p. m.             |
| MIXED .....    | 10 a. m.               | 10 38   | 10 59    | 11 22    | 11 33       | 10 46  | 11 55      | 12 20  | 12 53   | 1 38   | 2 13      | 3 14 p. m.             |
| FIRST MAIL     | 11 a. m.               | —       | 11 53    | —        | —           | 11 46  | 12 55      | —      | —       | —      | —         | —                      |
| MIXED .....    | 2 p. m.                | 2 38    | 2 59     | 3 22     | 3 33        | 12 35  | 1 38       | 1 59   | 2 29    | 3 10   | 3 42      | 4 37 p. m.             |
| FIRST .....    | 4 p. m.                | —       | 4 53     | —        | —           | 3 46   | 4 55       | 5 20   | 5 53    | 6 38   | 7 13      | 8 14 p. m.             |
| MIXED, Short   | 5 p. m.                | 5 38    | 5 59     | 6 22     | 6 33        | 5 35   | 6 38       | 6 59   | —       | 8 10   | 8 42      | 9 37 p. m.             |
| MAIL .....     | 8½ p. m.               | —       | —        | —        | —           | 6 46   | 7 55       | —      | —       | —      | —         | —                      |
|                |                        |         |          |          |             | 10 16  | 11 25      | —      | —       | 1 7    | 1 43      | 2 44 a. m.             |
| SUNDAY TRAINS. |                        |         |          |          |             |        |            |        |         |        |           |                        |
| MIXED .....    | 8 a. m.                | 8 38    | 8 59     | 9 22     | 9 33        | 9 46   | 10 55      | 11 20  | 11 38   | 12 38  | 1 13      | 2 14 p. m.             |
| FIRST MAIL     | 11 a. m.               | —       | 11 53    | —        | —           | 12 35  | 1 38       | —      | 3 29    | 3 10   | 3 42      | 4 37 p. m.             |
| MIXED, Short   | 5 p. m.                | 5 38    | 5 59     | —        | 6 33        | 6 46   | 7 55       | —      | —       | —      | —         | —                      |
| NIGHT MAIL     | 8½ p. m.               | —       | —        | —        | —           | 10 16  | 11 25      | —      | —       | 1 7    | 1 43      | 2 44 a. m.             |

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